

PUNCH NOVEMBER 29 1961

VOL. CXXLI

# Punch

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29, 1967

Punch, November 29, 1967

V



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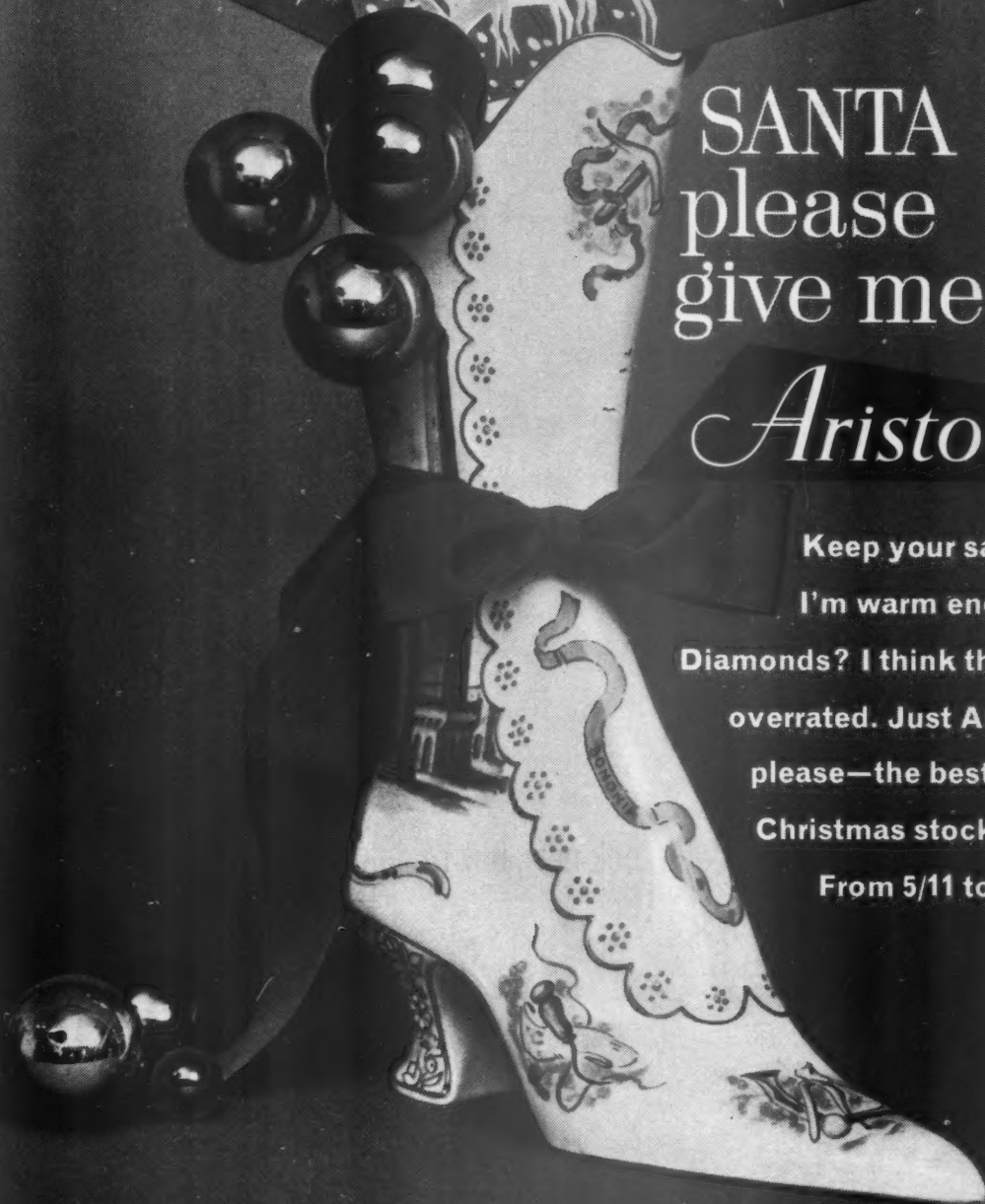
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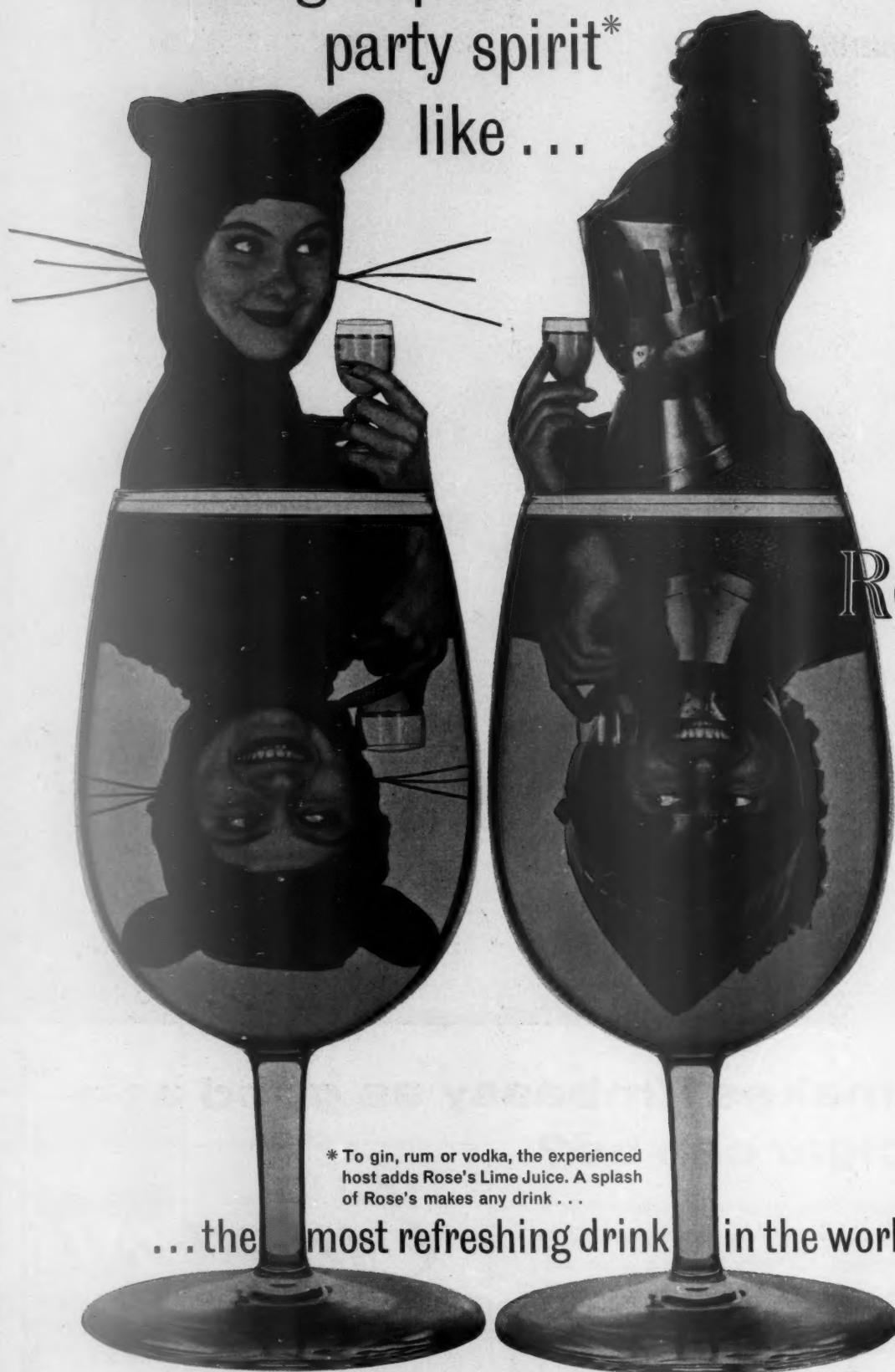
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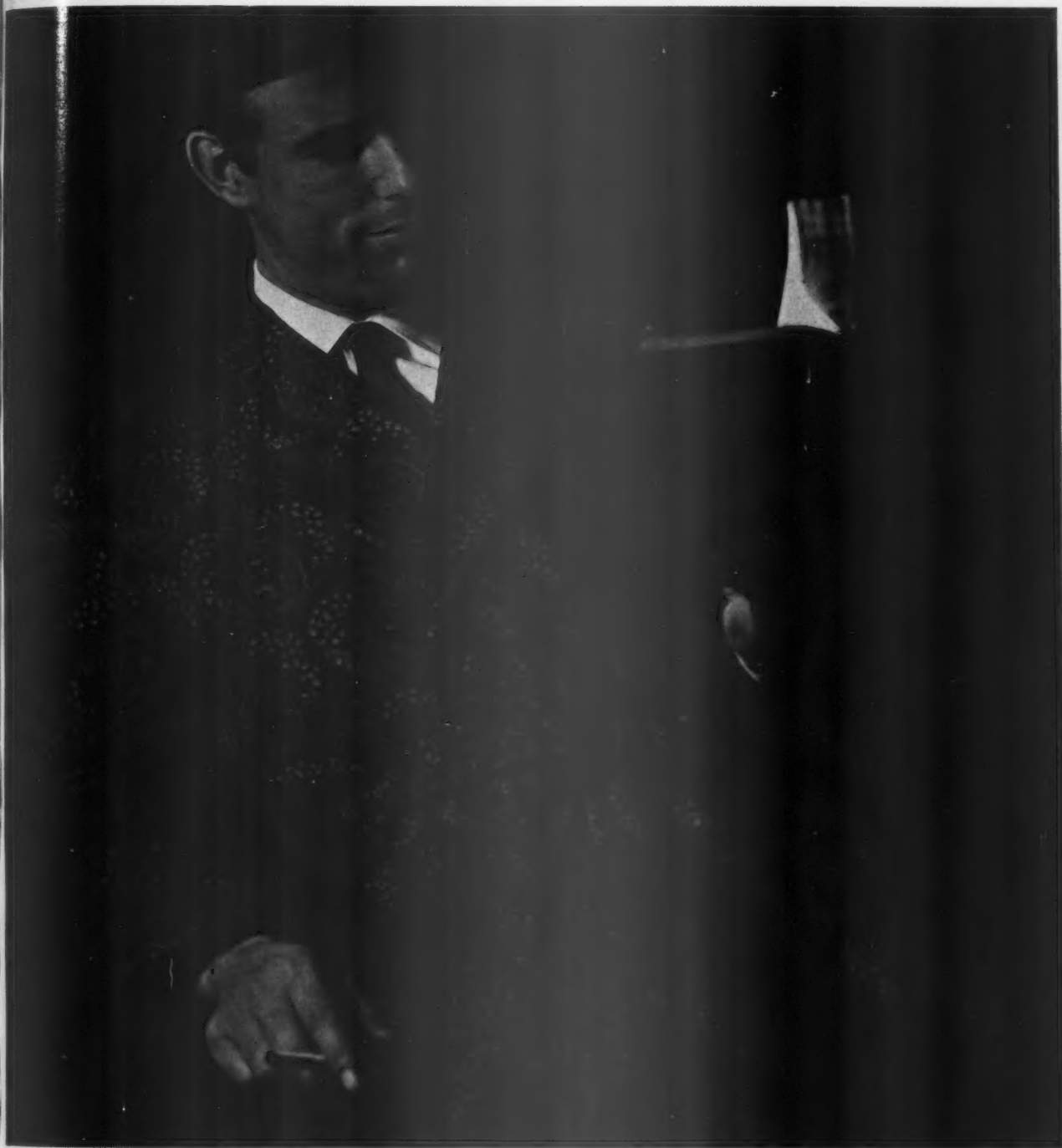
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29 1961

Punch, 1 November 29 1961



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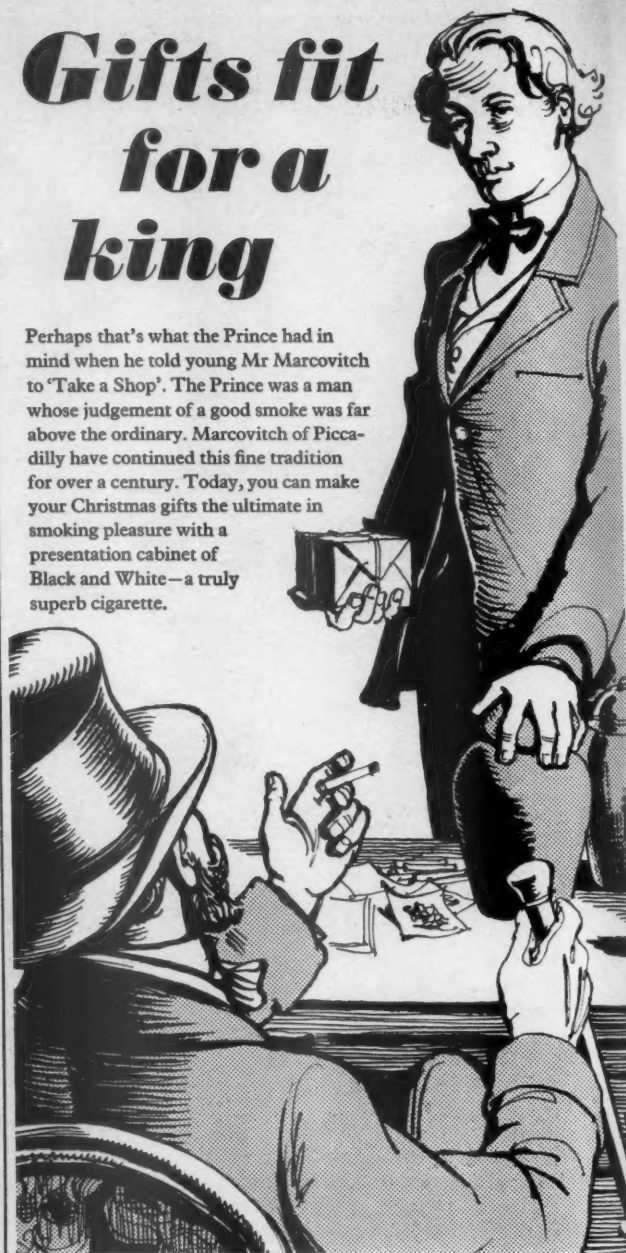
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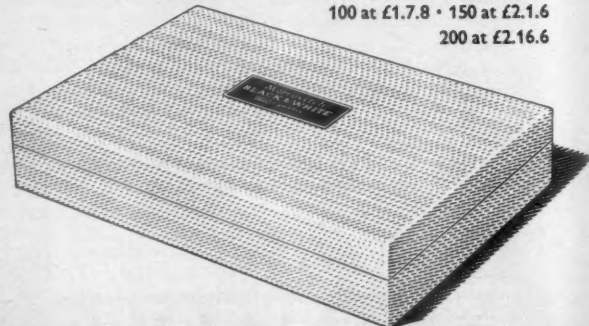
**QUEEN ANNE**  
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## Gifts fit for a king

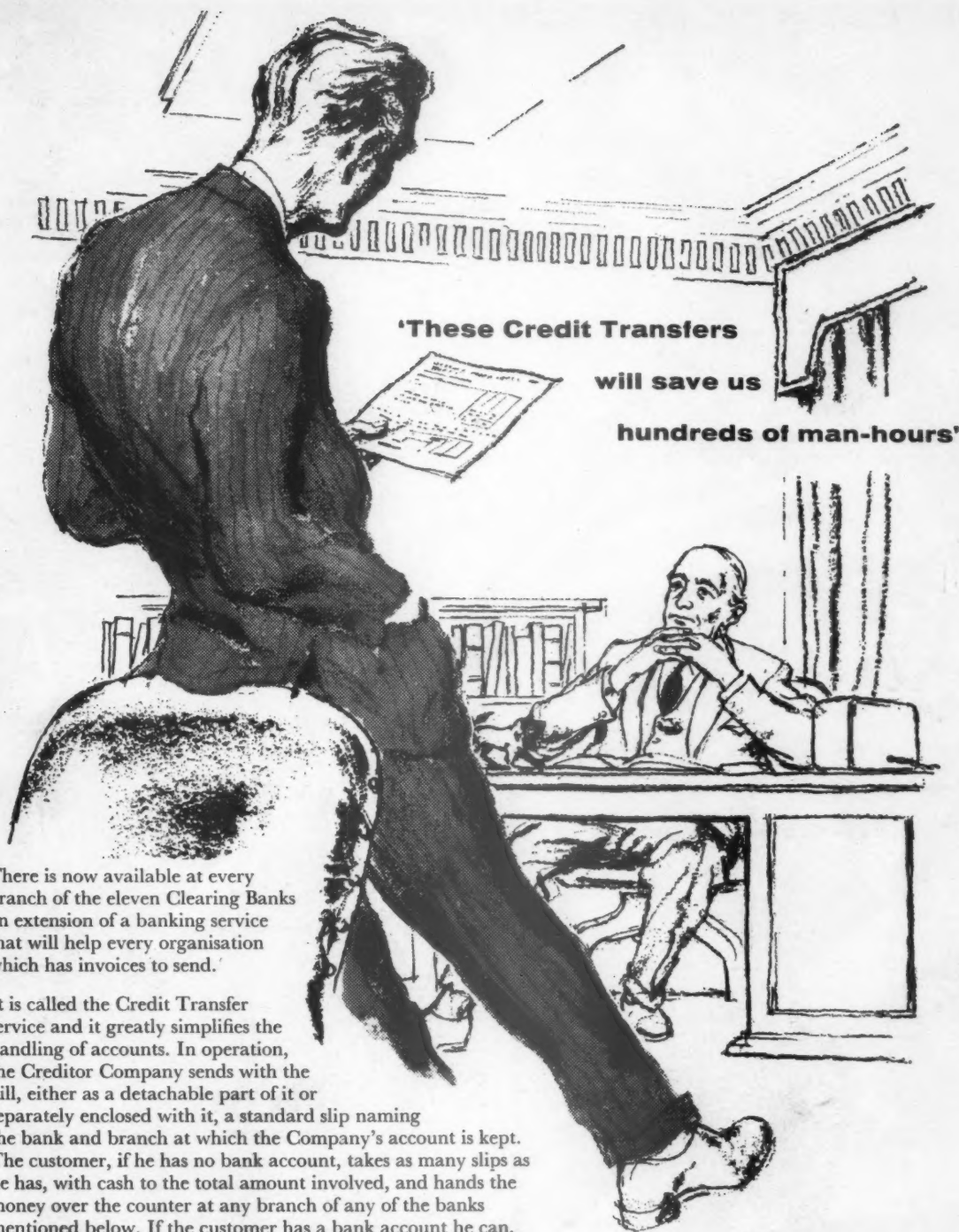
Perhaps that's what the Prince had in mind when he told young Mr Marcovitch to 'Take a Shop'. The Prince was a man whose judgement of a good smoke was far above the ordinary. Marcovitch of Piccadilly have continued this fine tradition for over a century. Today, you can make your Christmas gifts the ultimate in smoking pleasure with a presentation cabinet of Black and White—a truly superb cigarette.



Black and White cigarettes come in Presentation Cabinets of:  
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It is called the Credit Transfer service and it greatly simplifies the handling of accounts. In operation, the Creditor Company sends with the bill, either as a detachable part of it or separately enclosed with it, a standard slip naming the bank and branch at which the Company's account is kept. The customer, if he has no bank account, takes as many slips as he has, with cash to the total amount involved, and hands the money over the counter at any branch of any of the banks mentioned below. If the customer has a bank account he can, of course, use a single cheque and conduct his business by post.

The advantages of the Credit Transfer service are considerable, both for those who supply goods and services and those who pay for them. The supplier is saved the trouble of dealing with a multitude of individual payments, for they go straight to his bank, from whom notification and the relevant slips will be received at regular intervals. The buyer is also saved both time and trouble; whether he has one bill to pay or twenty, a single payment at any bank pays them all.

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## WE DO NOT HANDLE WITH CARE

As steel producers, we are well aware of the industry's need to expand—and of the very heavy capital investment this usually implies. Fortunately for the three constituent members of the GKN Steel Company, and for British steel as a whole, the GKN Group also includes engineering companies capable of looking at steelmaking, as it were, from the outside. One of these, Birwelco Ltd.—already famous for its enterprise and achievement in supplying heavy plant to the oil industry—has taken a very fresh look indeed. As a result, they are now holders of an exclusive licence in Great Britain and the British Commonwealth for Calderon Scrap Charging systems—a way of obtaining increased steel output which does *not* involve heavy capital outlay.

Recent improvements in steelmaking methods, including the Brymbo pre-refining Furnace (another GKN contribution to steel progress), are reducing melting times to such effect that, today, it is no longer on melting but on charging that time can be most usefully saved. Hence the new Calderon Scrap Charging system. A system not of handling scrap with care, but of pouring it like water, faster than hot metal can be poured, and more accurately than any conventional equipment can do it. Calderon equipment can increase the output of oxygen-blown L/D converters and of open-hearth and arc furnaces as well. For at least one user, by halving scrap charging times and eliminating congestion in the melting shop, it has been shown to be capable of increasing steel output by 8.4% at a fraction of the cost of installing one new open-hearth furnace, and at an annual saving of more than its own cost. Impressive as all this sounds—and is—it is only a part of the service to the steel industry, up to and including the design and construction of complete melting shops, which Birwelco has to offer—and only one of the ways in which over 80 GKN companies are helping to keep modern industry up to date.



# B.M.C. Vehicle capacity increased—reply to Export Challenge

EUROPE NOW A KEY MARKET

WORLD-WIDE SERVICING COVERAGE



Sir Leonard Lord, KBE

Mr. George Harriman in an introduction to the Annual Statement to B.M.C. Shareholders paid tribute to Sir Leonard Lord, K.B.E., on his retirement as Chairman. Other points from the Statement are as follows:—

In this our 10th year, the difficulties at home and abroad were numerous and stubborn, but were met with vigour. Despite the sharp fall in profits, the Board are confident of the future and recommend an unchanged dividend. This confidence is based on having improved our competitive position within the British motor industry.

Improvements in specification are enabling us to face competition at home and abroad with renewed vigour.

Higher performance and re-styled sports cars have rejuvenated U.S. demand—the resources of the Abingdon factory are again taxed to their utmost in producing over 1,000 units a week, over 900 being for export. Looking at export prospects broadly, it is encouraging that B.M.C. Vehicle stocks throughout the world are now declining, giving confidence that the decks are now being cleared for more export progress in the early future.

At present the combined home and export demands are calling for most of the vehicles we can make, and we must hope that the home market can consistently provide a solid basis for future planning of the expansion essential to our place in export markets.

In the past four financial years, B.M.C. exports to Europe as a whole have advanced by 79% and are still rising. These results were not fortuitous. They came from having the right models, backing them with

The Austin-Mini and Morris-Mini, in their saloon and commercial variations, are currently being produced at a rate of 3,800 per week, which is almost maximum capacity, and demand is still rising. Soon there will be available a further expansion of production facilities.

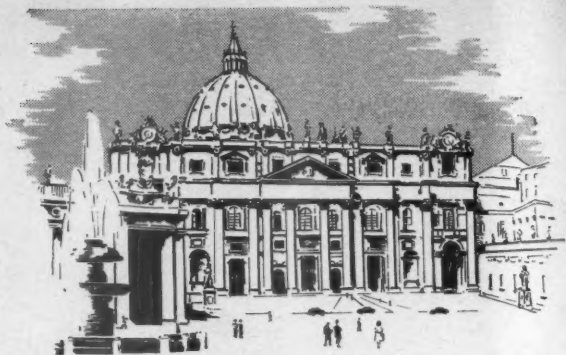


sound service, and by encouraging a number of loyal and good distributors.

B.M.C. Service Ltd. enjoyed a record year and is currently supporting our distributors and dealers throughout the world with peak availability of parts. We have also introduced a unique new warranty providing very much wider cover.

Looking to the future—and knowing what we have achieved in the past—we journey onward with confidence, well equipped with adequate resources and alert and eager both to resolve the problems and to enjoy the opportunities that lie ahead.

**THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION**



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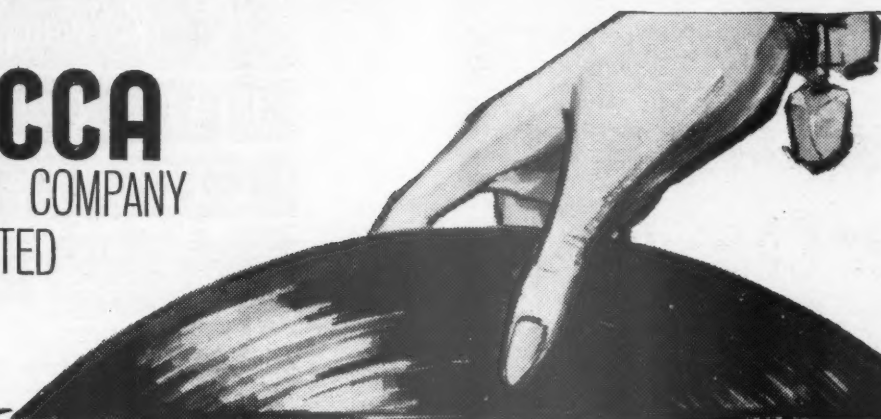


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a fine delicate Patriarche Wine, Red or White.

**PATRIARCHE Pere et Fils**  
Wine Growers and Shippers in Beaune, since 1780



THE  
**DECCA**  
RECORD COMPANY  
LIMITED



## REPORT '61

### TRADING RESULTS BEST IN COMPANY'S HISTORY

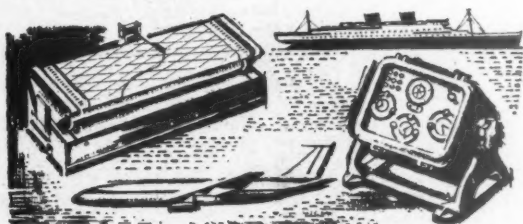
*Sir Edward Lewis (Chairman) at the Annual General Meeting of The Decca Record Company Limited:*

The balance from Trading Account which amounts to £3,796,000 shows an increase of £328,000. Profit before taxation amounts to £2,310,000, an increase of £143,000.

These results, which are the best in the Company's history, will I am sure be regarded as highly satisfactory, particularly as they cover a period of acute depression in the television industry.

After charging taxation and tax equalisation, the net profit amounts to £1,249,000 (against £1,261,000).

Consolidated turnover for the year to March 1961 at £24,500,000 was less than last year by some £700,000 due entirely to the fall in the sales of television receivers. All other main sections of the business showed an increase, in particular gramophone records where we fully participated in the industry's growth. Exports reached a total of £7,190,000.

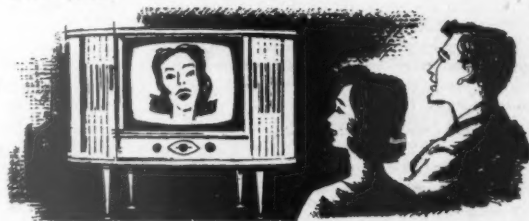


We regard this figure, amounting to about 30% of total sales, as most satisfactory.

Our recording department has gained further remarkable successes; particularly in the opera field with outstanding recordings by Joan Sutherland, Tebaldi, del Monaco, Birgit Nilsson, Kirsten Flagstad, George London, Siepi, Bastianini, Fernando Corena, Della Casa, to name but a few from our world famous catalogue of some 60 complete operas.

Our turnover and profits in the North American market were fully maintained—in areas where competition is so fierce and where the costs of selling are particularly heavy.

All sections of the Navigator division have shown a substantial improvement in trading volume with total marine contracts at home and abroad now totalling over 7,000.



Decca Radar had another successful year; total marine orders have now passed the 11,000 mark. Major military, defence and civil aviation systems have been carried out on a world-wide basis.

The current year is going well. Some slackening in the demand for 45 rpm records has been offset by an increase in the sales of LP records and turnover is ahead of last year. We continue to account for more than 50% of the total export sales of records from this country. Sales of our American and Canadian subsidiaries have increased as have also those of our associate companies in Germany and Italy. Better results are expected from our radio and television activities.

Expansion of our Navigator and Radar activities has continued during the current year and group turnover is up for the first six months.

Unless there is a marked change in conditions at home and abroad we expect another satisfactory year's trading and I need scarcely add that it is our constant endeavour to maintain our record of progress.

The total dividend of 2/4 for the year was approved.

**DECCA** *helps so many people*  
*...in so many ways*

People buy  
**du MAURIER**  
 for positive  
 reasons—  
 sensible full-size  
 cigarette,  
 perfect filter tip,  
 an exceptionally  
 good blend of  
 the finest  
 Virginia tobacco



Twenty Exceptional Cigarettes  
 for 4/6



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

## THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



**The Affair** (Strand: TEM 2660)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61)  
**African Dance Ensemble** (Princes: TEM 6596)—three-week season.  
**The Amorous Prawn** (Piccadilly: GER 4506)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)  
**As You Like It** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—good production with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. Dec. 2. (12/7/61)  
**Becket** (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. Nov. 29, Dec. 4-5. (26/6/61)  
**Beyond the Fringe** (Fortune: TEM 2238)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue, (17/5/61)  
**Billy Liar** (Cambridge: TEM 6056)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)  
**Bonne Soupe** (Comedy: WHI 2578)—cynical comedy from Paris, not for the nursery. (1/11/61)  
**Bye Bye Birdie** (Her Majesty's: WHI 6606)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)  
**Do Re Mi** (Prince of Wales: WHI 8681)—average American musical. (18/10/61)  
**Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be** (Garrick: TEM 4601)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)  
**Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin** (Duchess: TEM 8243)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)  
**Guilty Party** (St. Martin's: TEM 1443)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)  
**Heartbreak House** (Wyndham's: TEM 3028)—excellent revival of one of Shaw's most stimulating plays. (8/11/61)  
**The Hollow Crown** (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—fascinating extracts from English literature about the Monarchy. Nov. 30-Dec. 2. (21/6/61)  
**Irma la Douce** (Lyric: GER 3686)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)  
**The Irregular Verb to Love** (Criterion: WHI 3216)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)  
**The Keep** (Royal Court: SLO 1745)—new play by Gwyn Thomas, reviewed this week.  
**Let Yourself Go!** (Palladium: GER 7373)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)  
**The Long Sunset** (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—gripping play about end of Roman occupation of Britain. (15/11/61)  
**The Lord Chamberlain Regrets** (Saville: TEM 4011)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)  
**Luther** (Phoenix: TEM 8611)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)  
**Mourning Becomes Electra** (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—new production, reviewed this week.  
**The Mousetrap** (Ambassadors: TEM 1171)—triumphantly past its 10-year test. (16/12/52)

**The Music Man** (Adelphi: TEM 7611)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)  
**My Fair Lady** (Drury Lane: TEM 8108)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)  
**Oliver!** (New: TEM 3878)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)  
**One For The Pot** (Whitehall: WHI 6692)—the latest Whitehall farce. (16/8/61)  
**One Over the Eight** (Duke of York's: TEM 5122)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)  
**Othello** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—John Gielgud's first Othello too elaborately produced. Nov. 29. (18/10/61)  
**The Rehearsal** (Globe: GER 1592)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)  
**Richard III** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashinglly dotty. Dec. 1. (31/5/61)  
**Romeo and Juliet** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. Nov. 30. (18/10/61)  
**Ross** (Haymarket: WHI 9832)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)  
**The Sound of Music** (Palace: GER 6834)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)  
**Stop the World, I Want to Get Off** (Queen's: REG 1166)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)  
**Teresa of Avila** (Vaudeville: TEM 4871)—Sybil Thorndike in mild but well-acted play about Carmelite squabbles, until Dec. 2. (1/11/61)  
**A Whistle in the Dark** (Apollo: GER 2663)—Irish violence, well done. (20/9/61)  
**Young in Heart** (Victoria Palace: VIC 1317)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

#### REP SELECTION

Bromley Repertory—**Celebration**, until Dec. 2.  
 Bristol Old Vic—**The Big Client**, until Dec. 16.  
 Gateway, Edinburgh—**Foursome Reel**, until Dec. 9.  
 Belgrade, Coventry—**End of Conflict**, until Dec. 2.

#### CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

**Les Adolescentes** (Cinephone: MAY 4721 and Jacey: TEM 3648)—Franco-Italian, directed by Lattuada; sexual awakening of young girl. Uneven, with some entertaining detail.  
**Bachelor in Paradise** (Ritz: GER 1234)—Bright comedy with Bob Hope as a sociologist studying American life. (15/11/61)  
**Ben-Hur** (Royalty: HOL 8004)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)  
**The Connection** (Academy: GER 2981)—Uniquely impressive, from the play about the roomful of drug-addicts and the man filming them. (22/11/61)  
**Il Cristo Proibito** (Paris-Pullman: KEN 5898)—Post-war revenge and self-sacrifice in Italian village. Slow, pretentious, consciously arty.  
**The Devil at Four O'Clock** (Odeon, Leicester Square: WHI 6111)—Steamy highly-coloured hokum, with Spencer Tracy as a whisky priest, Sinatra as a noble criminal, and a volcano.  
**Exodus** (Astoria: GER 5385)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)  
**Il Generale della Rovere** (International Film Theatre: BAY 2345)—Rossellini directs de Sica in war story of rogue who becomes hero by impersonation. (22/11/61)  
**The Guns of Navarone** (Columbia: REG 5414)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. Ends Nov. 30. (10/5/61)  
**Hiroshima Mon Amour** (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Revival of the subtle, moving, allusive, atmospheric love story directed by Alain Resnais. (20/1/60)  
**The Hustler** (Rialto: GER 3488)—Admirably done, absorbing story of a billiards swindler. (8/11/61)  
**Kapo** (Continental: MUS 4193)—Woman's inhumanity to woman in Nazi prison camps. Hate propaganda.

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVII



## Brandy this good has no stars on its label

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*Since they stuck  
this label on me,  
I don't know whether  
I'm a dog  
or a tube (and you ask  
why I look depressed)*



## CONTINUED FROM PAGE XV

**King of Kings** (Coliseum: TEM 3151)—Reviewed this week.

**Nikki, Wild Dog of the North** (Studio One: GER 3300)—Disney, based on James Oliver Curwood novel. Visually fine, but otherwise like old-style animal films—facetious music, arranged fights galore. Ends Nov. 30.

**La Règle du Jeu** (Academy: GER 2981, late night show)—Jean Renoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

**Saturday Night and Sunday Morning** (Curzon: GRO 3737)—A young Northerner (Albert Finney) at home and in and out of one or two other beds. Admirably done, very enjoyable. (9/11/60)

**Shadow of Adultery** (Berkeley: MUS 8150)—Misleading title for the French *La Proie pour l'Ombre*. Career-woman (Annie Girardot) wants independence, ditches lover (Christian Marquand) as well as husband (Daniel Gélín) to get it. Good detail, contrived framework.

**South Pacific** (Dominion: MUS 2176)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

**Spartacus** (Metropole: VIC 4673)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator; blood, violence and colour in the arena.

**A Taste of Honey** (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Excellent film version of the play: drabness made exhilarating by perceptive writing, fresh playing, observant direction. (27/9/61)

**This is Cinerama** (London Casino: GER 6877)—the first Cinerama show, back for a time.

**Town Without Pity** (Leicester Square: WHI 5252)—Reviewed this week.

**The Virgin Spring** (Compton: GER 1522)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic.

## SHOPS

Billy Bunter and form-mates will be at **Whiteley's** Toyfair 11.30 am, Dec. 2. This store's Christmas merchandise includes coloured sets of French fireproofed china, while **Mappin & Webb** have Royal Worcester fireproof dishes, **Asprey's** coloured Czech glasses, **Garrard's** decorative brandy warmers.

From now until after Christmas **Fortnum & Mason** have a Mexican Bazaar. Various hand-made gifts include Christmas decorations, woven articles, jewellery in silver, ebony and rosewood. It is possible to frame the hand-painted Christmas cards.

Open at **Harrod's**: a "Carousel" in their Man's Shop, where women's presents can be bought. Also new, a Slipper Bar. **Austin Reed** have Church's seal fur slippers, **Simpson's** men's Grecian and women's Italian slippers and mules, **Russell & Bromley** American slippers and evening shoes, **Saxone** exclusive slippers, shoe-trees and shoe-cleaning outfits.

On sale at **Selfridges**, the Chichester London Shopping and Fashion Guide. From now until Christmas, West End shops generally will stay open until 6 pm Mondays to Fridays, approximately 7-8 pm Thursdays.

## MUSIC AND BALLET

**Royal Albert Hall**—Nov. 30, 7.30 pm, *Messiah*. London Symphony Orchestra. Dec. 2, 7.30 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

**Royal Festival Hall**—Nov. 29, 8 pm, BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Nov. 30, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Dec. 1, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloists Ingrid Haebler (piano), Barry Tuckwell (horn). Dec. 2, 7.30 pm, London Welsh Association Autumn Music Festival. Dec. 3, 7.30 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Malcolm Binns (piano). Dec. 4, 7.30 pm, Royal Choral Society, London Symphony Orchestra. Dec. 5, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Geza Anda (piano).

**Wigmore Hall**—Nov. 29, 7.30 pm, Ann Griffiths (harp). Nov. 30, 7.30 pm, Anneliese Schier-Tiessen

CONTINUED ON PAGE XX



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faithful service'

One inscribed gold watch, and more than likely a pension to go with it: both yours when you retire. Anything else to look forward to? That depends on you. Take out a Standard policy well before that day arrives, and there will then be an extra financial nest-egg to break into. Find out about that policy now, not later. We shall be glad to send you a very useful booklet,

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# PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6325 November 29 1961

Edited by  
Bernard Hollowood

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\*For overseas rates see page 810.

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## Charivaria

A MEMBER of the State Department is reported to have escorted distinguished visitors thirteen times to *My Fair Lady*. Probably there is a man somewhere in the Foreign Office who can say the same, unless we send foreign VIPs to *The Mousetrap* as being the national product. The assignment must demand all the diplomatic qualities. Even if the official theatregoer has sat through it thirty times, he must never, by the slightest change of expression, give away the ending or even indicate whether the solution produced by the guest during the interval is right.

### The Ultimate Automation

THERE'S been a disturbing advertisement in some technical magazines, showing the faces of some extremely aggressive-looking tycoons who



are described as "the decision-takers... the computer-minded." Does this mean that they think in terms of computers, that they have minds like computers or (and this is the disturbing bit) that they are minded by computers?

### I Spy

PEOPLE wanting a last glimpse of passengers as they leave from the new London Airport Terminal will, I see, have to go to a special "waving base." All that's needed now is an "observation platform" from which to spot a place to park your car.

### A Lay of St. Hilda

THE great majority of the delegates to the National Union of Students' conference last week voted that "students in institutions of higher learning would benefit from being able to live in



mixed halls of residence." If girl students are to be sent down every time men are found making love to them in their rooms, it will at least contribute something to the situation of the overcrowding problem.

### Rhino Adds Brightness

INDIGNANT readers wrote to *The Times* in protest when *The Times Annual Financial and Commercial Review* suggested that there was "a constant demand from medical science" for powdered rhinoceros-horn. Personally I was more surprised than indignant; I've always known that there is a constant demand for powdered rhinoceros-horn from the indigenous natives of the Zanzibar coast and points east, who believe it to be an infallible aphrodisiac, but I'd no idea the doctors used it. Now I know, I am emboldened to go ahead with a plan I have had at the back of my mind for years, which is to mass-produce cheap, powderable rhinoceros-horns of plastic.

### Easier with Fruit-Flies

I AM sorry to learn, at this late date, that the Tristanians were not the only people incommoded by



"I'd heard it was pretty bad, but I'd no idea it was in danger."

the eruption of their island. Dentists too have lost a valuable, irreplaceable experiment, for the islanders used to have almost perfect teeth until visiting ships began to import sugar and flour, at which point a steady, easily charted decay set in. Now they are engulfed in our candy-floss civilisation and the figures will be ruined. That's the trouble with experiments involving people; they take so long. Charles II, in scientific mood, isolated two babies on an island in the Tweed with only a deaf and dumb woman to look after them to find out what language they



spoke when they grew up (the betting was on Hebrew). But he didn't live to learn the result, and by the time there was a result everyone else had lost interest, so even we don't know how it turned out.

#### Domesday Rock

A SUN-POWERED portable transistor radio is being manufactured in Denmark and a 60-watt bulb will work it when the sun is not shining. They are now designing, no doubt, a portable powered by fall-out so that, when all about us is strontium 90, we may go to meet our Maker in a manner befitting the dignity of our age, rising on wings of dissonance, heralded by electric guitars and doing the Twist.

#### After Sedan

"BINGO chairs" are advertised, just as television chairs used to be when those magic casements first opened on the foam, but what *ad hoc* amenities they offer is not stated; there is no mention of blinkers or eyeshades to keep the eyes well down. I cannot offhand recall bezique or charade-viewing chairs but this is the age of specialisation. If every new movement rates a chair a market opens for sit-down protest collapsible chairs, fall-out shelter sterilised chairs and wage-pause victims' cushioned chairs.

#### Sex Prejudice

A WOMAN on trial for her life in Florida protested because the jury was all male. This is unusual; woman's inhumanity to woman is the burden of complaint by most erring sisters, who think men are softer. But there were special circumstances here. The lethal weapon used by the prisoner was a baseball bat and no decent American breadwinner would agree that this was a sportsmanlike use of what, to us, would be the willow. It wouldn't be cricket.

#### Whose Merry Men?

ENGLISH oak being "too frail," American oak-trees are now being planted in Sherwood forest, and I expect any moment to hear it rumoured that it wasn't Robin Hood who lived round those parts at all, but Davy Crockett.

#### Sharp Note Wanted

IT was disappointing to see Sir Pierson Dixon telling the French, "England is impregnated with tea to such a point that the digestive process of my compatriots is spoiled." This is no sort of talk for a British Ambassador. Instead of raising an easy diplomatic laugh at our expense, couldn't he have said a critical word about the tea they give us in France, with those little bags on a string, and a jug of hot milk?

#### Mad Market

ART prices continue to rise, perhaps as art thefts reduce the total acreage of art available. But to me the oddest news is not the payment of £821,400 for a Rembrandt but of £1,250 for pictures of Mrs. Kennedy falling off a horse.

#### Change and Decay

THE city of Glasgow is not alone in proposing to sell off municipal halls made redundant by "the changing tastes of the people." Can it be true that the masses are no longer pulled in by dance pupil displays, one-day linoleum sales, temperance rallies, art union draws, Swedish drill classes, how-I-stopped-blushing talks, cage bird shows, lantern lectures by Polar explorers, refrigerator demonstrations and annual meetings of wild birds protection societies? I suppose if a hall has been used only a dozen times since it was turned into a mortuary during the Zeppelin raids there is a case for disposing of it. Seems a pity though.

#### Heretical Note

A WORRIED man, brow furrowed, chin grasped thoughtfully, is appearing in advertisements under the words "— but which wine?" At this time of year particularly, when the wine-writers are in full song with vintages and aromas and hints on how to behave in a restaurant without causing the wine waiter to snigger behind his napkin, I tend to get the feeling that the whole gospel of the grape is altogether too worrying. We've got enough anxieties already. Let's get back to beer.

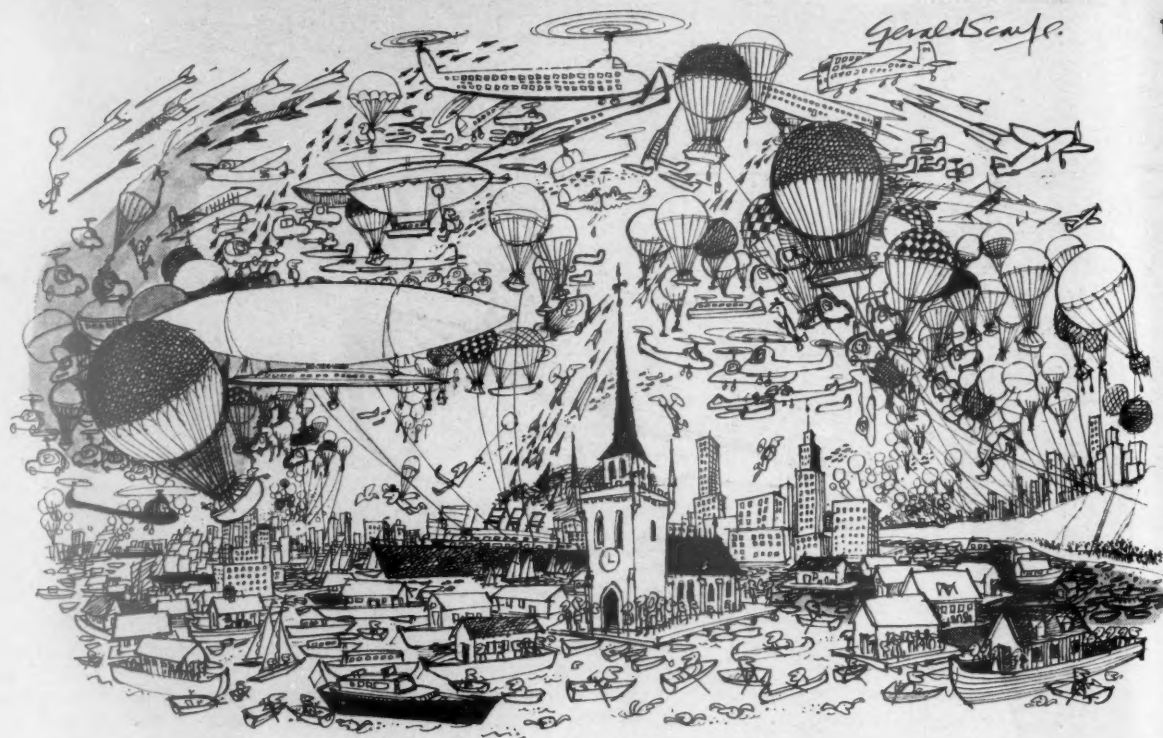
— MR. PUNCH



# THE PAUSE

*"Just an illusion — like Nijinsky."*





Will there be enough food  
to go round?

## THE CROWDED WORLD

### FERTILITY AND NUTRITION by ALAN GEMMELL

IT is very rare to find a major scientific theory advanced in a book which is aimed, not at a specialised and erudite audience but at the vast mass of thinking men and women the world over. Such a book was De Castro's *Geography of Hunger*, which was published in 1952 and which sought to explain in simple terms the enormous increase in population which is taking place in nearly all the underdeveloped countries of the world.

Briefly De Castro's argument is based on two ideas. The first depends on work done by an American physiologist, Slonaker (1925-28), who studied the effect of diet on the growth and reproduction of rats and who showed that when there was a decrease in the protein content of the diet fed to rats there was a marked increase in the number of live young which they produced.

De Castro's second point is based on the statistical evidence of birth rates in various parts of the world. This shows very clearly that in the underdeveloped countries there is a

population explosion due to a high birth rate as well as a decreased mortality, while in the advanced Western world the birth rate is very low and only around the replacement level.

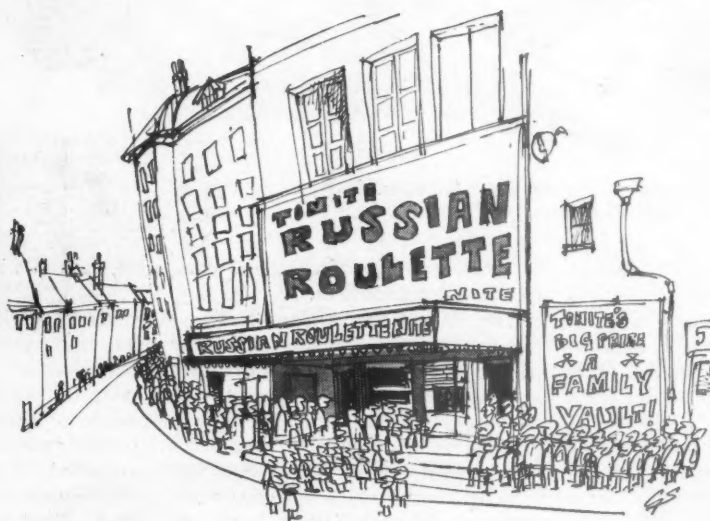
He then proceeds to connect these two ideas in this fashion. In the underdeveloped countries there is great poverty and scarcely enough food to provide an adequate diet. That part of the diet which is in shortest supply is the protein-containing fraction and therefore, so far as protein is concerned, there is either chronic hunger or actual starvation in many countries. Under conditions of starvation it is admitted that sexual urge disappears, but where chronic hunger prevails De Castro claims this urge is enhanced and by accepting Slonaker's experiments it would seem that so also is the capacity to produce live young. The natural consequence of an enhanced sexual urge and an increased "fertility" (De Castro's word) must be a rapid population expansion as shown by the statistics from such countries as India, China, Brazil, the Philippines, etc.

1

2



3



The continued expansion of world population is one of man's major problems, so it is important to consider the above argument closely and to search for further evidence which might contribute towards a solution.

The word "fertility" is used in two senses and it is important to clarify these. First the De Castro meaning is that fertility corresponds to the number of live births per thousand of population. This is a very easy concept to grasp but a moment's reflection shows that in this sense "fertility" is simply a measure of the number of children born and takes no account of social interference with the reproductive

## The Crowded World

### Three Possible Half-Solutions:

1 and 2 More intensive use of lebensraum

3 Experiments in dangerous living

processes. Thus in an area in which all males practised contraception extensively there would be few or no births, but the *basic* fertility of the population might be very high. It could be argued that for human populations De Castro's is the only meaning which makes sense, but if it is accepted then one must also accept the implications that a fertility of this type is subject to variables other than those of a purely physiological or nutritional nature.

The other sense in which the word is used is more basic and concerns the ability of the population to produce sperms and ova capable of fusing to produce viable offspring. Whether the fusion will take place or not may depend on many factors, but the basic fertility is there and can be measured scientifically. Further it can be clearly seen that the De Castro definition is a modified and inevitably reduced form of the second.

To determine the number of live births is relatively easy, but to study the basic fertility in the second sense demands long and elaborate study. It is not surprising therefore that our *accurate* knowledge of the effect of nutrition on fertility in the widest sense is very limited and almost entirely confined to animals other than man. There is however some information on human fertility which depends on data

collected during and after World War II.

It is almost impossible to define a "norm" in terms of fertility, but the problem of the effect of nutrition can be examined in a number of ways. First under what nutritional conditions is there a change in the numbers of sperm or ova produced? Secondly has diet an effect on the age of attainment of sexual maturity (thus prolonging or shortening the period of gamete production)? Thirdly does the quantity and/or quality of food change the survival rate of fertilised eggs?

If we examine these problems in turn, it will be seen that the evidence scarcely bears out De Castro's suggestions.



"And whatever you do, don't circulate."

For example Wallace in 1954 examined the effect of diet on lambing in sheep, and he showed that sheep whose diet was improved for one month before mating produced a much higher yield of lambs, and this increase was directly related to an increase in the number of ova shed by the animals. (It is customary for farmers to "flush" their sheep by putting them on a rich diet for a month before mating.) Similarly in poultry there is an immediate response in egg production to any alteration in the diet, and it is interesting to note that the protein fraction is the most active in this connection, for a decrease in the protein content of the diet will produce a parallel decrease in egg production. This is in direct contrast to Slonaker's findings.

In humans the evidence is not so clear for only one egg is shed per menstrual period and it is assumed that the frequency of menstruation is an index of the frequency of ovulation. Using this criterion Sydenham (1946) studied the evidence of amenorrhoea\* in civilian internment camps and noted that of 264 women below the age of menopause 61 per cent had prolonged intermenstrual periods of the order of 60 days in place of the usual 28 days. However, although this evidence is highly suggestive, it must be remembered that along with the dietetic restriction in the camp there were also the factors

of shock, anxiety, and change of occupation, each of which can induce amenorrhoea.

This latter point is given further emphasis by the fact that many research workers have found regular menstruation periods of 28 days to occur in Chinese women, whose normal level of diet would be classed as malnutrition by Western standards, and suggest that the body can become adjusted to different planes of nutrition, at each of which, after a period of unbalance, a state of equilibrium would be reached. There is no evidence however for any *increase* in the frequency of ovulation following dietary restriction. Such evidence as exists points to the opposite conclusion.

In men the effect of malnutrition and starvation on the production of sperms is very convincing. Studies by Steffen (1928) of victims of the Ukrainian famine of 1922-23 showed that in males of all ages there was degeneration of the seminiferous tubules which produce the sperms and, in adults, sperms which were produced were abnormal. Klatskin *et al.* (1947) examined American soldiers four months after their release from Japanese prisoner-of-war camps. By this time most of the body weight had been regained but there still persisted a very marked reduction not only in the number but also in the motility of the sperms.

Finally the University of Minnesota, USA (Keys *et al.* 1950), conducted a long series of major experiments on the biology of

\*Stopping of the periods.



human starvation on volunteer subjects. These men, after a control period of 12 weeks, during which full medical data was obtained for each one, underwent semi-starvation for 6 months. They were checked medically and tests made at regular intervals; then followed a further 12-week period of rehabilitation, during which they were brought back to normalcy. From these experiments there is clear evidence of a reduction in the motility (50 per cent), the morphological normality, and the longevity, of the sperm produced after 24 weeks of semi-starvation.

The general inference from all accurate data is that a reduction in the level of nutrition is reflected in a reduction in the number of normal sex cells in both men and women. This lends no support at all to De Castro's hypothesis, but his "increase in fertility" in underfed countries might spring from a prolongation of active sex life and not from an increase in sex cells.

In man a "prolongation of active sex life" would be shown by a lowering in the age of puberty or by a delayed menopause. It is admitted on all sides that at present the onset of puberty takes place at an earlier age in Britain than it did before the War. This change is reflected in the increase in sexual crimes committed by young people, and in the difficulty of educating sexually mature but intellectually and emotionally immature children in our schools. The reasons for this precocious sexual maturity are not known, but it is possible that improved diet is a contributory cause.

In animals there is good evidence on this point, for McMillan (1954) has shown that 72 per cent of heifers raised on a high plane of nutrition will become pregnant at 15 months, whereas of heifers raised at a low nutritional level only 34 per cent become pregnant at the same age. Similar findings have been reported for fowls, sheep and rabbits.

There is little direct information on this topic in humans, although it has been reported by Sendrail and Lasserre (1948) and by a Netherlands Red Cross Feeding Team that the onset of menstruation is delayed under conditions of food shortage. Other reports have been non-committal on this subject, e.g. Butler *et al.* (1945), but in no case has the suggestion been made that the age of menstruation has been lowered by food shortage.

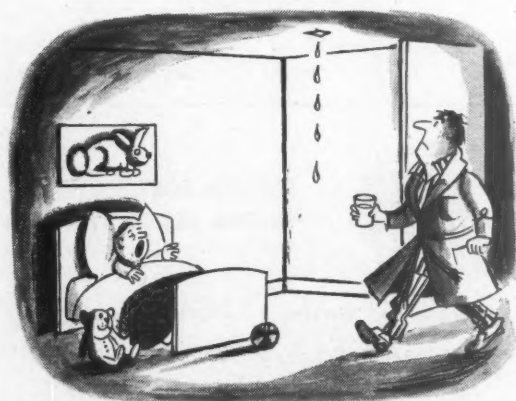
**PROFESSOR ALAN R. GEMMELL** has been Professor of Biology at University College, North Staffordshire, since 1950. He was previously Lecturer in Botany at Glasgow University, and later at Manchester University, and Biologist at West Midland Forensic Science Laboratory.

The fact that the age of puberty varies between countries is largely irrelevant, for so also does climate, genetic make-up and social conditions, any one of which could be a contributory factor. It is wisest therefore to treat this aspect of the inquiry with reserve and to assume no effect of nutrition on the age of attainment of sexual maturity in human beings.

The final aspect of the problem is the effect of nutrition on the survival rate of fertilised eggs. In the case of man one is inevitably forced to depend largely on the frequency of live births, which, as has been pointed out, can be altered very radically by social interference. There is nevertheless general agreement that an inadequate diet during pregnancy may lead to premature birth or toxæmia.

Two pieces of evidence may be cited in this connection. The first concerns an experiment in South Wales in 1934, when 27,000 women were studied. At pregnancy half the mothers-to-be were given extra food, which was mainly protein plus mineral salts and vitamins. When the two groups were compared there was a stillbirth rate and neo-natal mortality of 84 per 1,000 live births in the control group, but the group which had received the supplement to their diet had a rate of only 59 per 1,000. Thus a small improvement in diet increased the survival rate of human embryos.

The second piece of evidence has emerged from the studies of Dols and Van Arcken (1946) and Boerema (1947) on health in Holland during the German occupation. At the outset of the occupation the basic diet for an adult was fixed at 1,800 calories per day with additional amounts for heavy workers. After the Allied offensive in the autumn of 1944 the ration diminished to 1,035 calories per day and in the early spring of 1945 it was reduced again to 619 calories per day. The situation was relieved by a rise to 1,376 calories per day in the





"Which are you—Montague or Capulet?"

second quarter of 1945 and then with a daily ration of 2,400 calories after the liberation.

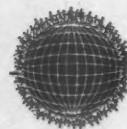
Such was the background, and it must be noted that although many Dutchmen were abroad or in POW camps, the vast majority were still living at home. Statistics kept during the war revealed the following picture. In 1944 the weekly average of births in Rotterdam was 227. In June 1945 (about 6 months after the very serious cut in rations) the birth rate had fallen to 199 per week, and in October 1945—ten months after the onset of severe rationing—it had fallen to an all-time-low of 84 per week, where it stayed for 2 months before beginning to increase.

The general inference from the data to hand is the reverse of De Castro's conclusions, for when examined from the point of view of basic fertility there is very little doubt that malnutrition reduces the chances of live births ("fertility" in the De Castro sense). It might be said that this does not help towards an explanation of the undoubted rapid increase in population in the hungry parts of the world, or to an answer to our population problems. This is not so however, for attention is now directed to what are felt to be the real causes and not pseudo-scientific ones. To isolate a low protein diet as the major factor in high birth rate is a vast oversimplification.

One could attribute the high birth rate to the low age of marriage in underdeveloped countries, to the economic advantage of having children who can work from an early age,

to the lack of knowledge of contraceptive techniques, to the crowded sordid conditions of life. It seems most likely that all these and many other factors operate in the complexity of human social behaviour.

The solution must surely lie not simply in an improved diet (which might well have an effect surprising to De Castro), but in a real improvement in the standard of living in these overpopulated countries and in the development of social services such as housing, sanitation and education.



**FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THIS SERIES BY:**

**Desmond Donnelly    Mary Adams**

**Maurice O'Leary    Claud Cockburn**

**Marghanita Laski**

## Eighty-Seven

By HENRY FAIRLIE

THERE is no good reason for celebrating an eighty-seventh anniversary, except that it is the eighty-seventh birthday of Sir Winston Churchill; and since it seems more likely than not that, before we know where we are, there will be a ninety-seventh, it may appear that there is no good reason for celebrating even this one.

Yet there is something particular to say, something which there has not been the opportunity to say before. One day, when we come to reckon the things in the man which we recall with pleasure, I think that we will count among them, among all his more obvious qualities and properties, the fact that he lived long enough to teach great men how to retire.

From the day on which he left No. 10—so unjustly in the middle of a newspaper strike—he has made it clear that his life from then on was to be a private one; and so clear has he made this that the press and television have both respected his wishes.

He has never, in refusing any of their urgings, been discourteous to them. Those who have sought interviews with him have invariably been refused in phrases which are almost as memorable for their courtesy—gallantry, even—as if he had been granting their request. It may not seem difficult for a great old man to send, either personally or through his secretary, a polite and considerate answer to the badgering of a journalist; but it is surprising how few, in fact, seem able to do it.

A secretary and, indeed, the whole of a staff, normally take their manners, to some extent, from their employer. Anyone who, in the past six years, has, in the course of his legitimate business, had anything to do with the household of Sir Winston Churchill will report only that he has been dealt with tactfully, warmly and even, on occasions, graciously. It is a lot to be said of the household of a famous man in his retirement

His retirement, as I have said, has been complete: so complete that I often wonder, without ever really wishing to know, how he occupies his time.

Of all the occasions in his life at which I would like to have been present, the one which I find most constantly appealing is recounted in Mr. Robert Speaight's life of Hilaire Belloc. The comparatively young Churchill had just bought a barrel of wine abroad, and was proposing to have it bottled by the Army and Navy Stores. Belloc implored him to do no such thing, and went instead to the Churchills' home, where the two men bottled the wine together.

"Generally," comments Mr. Speaight, "he required about six pairs of hands if the operation were to be performed expeditiously."

Expeditious, we can be sure, that single operation was not, and I can imagine few days better spent than to have been in the cellar during those long and surely hilarious hours—how much of the wine, in fact, did get bottled?—while the two of them declaimed to each other, described old battlefields, marched and counter-marched armies across Europe, recited the greatest speeches of the greatest orators and, every now and then, broke into lusty, if indistinguishable, song.

To-day, in his retirement, I would like to accompany Sir Winston on another journey to his cellar. Does he, I cannot help wondering, ever rise from his chair, and say: "To-day, I am going to look at Mr. Sutherland's portrait"? Does he then make his way to the cellar, to contemplate once more the infamy which he believes was done? I often envisage the scene: the epithets, the scorn, the vivid invective, which must be addressed to the unprotesting canvas.

But we know nothing of this, and should know nothing. We know only that he goes to the Riviera, and to

Morocco, and that he enjoys what one imagines is very much like a pirate's retirement on board Mr. Onassis's yacht. We know, also, that somehow he endures more of London weather than a man of his age and resources might reasonably feel inclined to do.

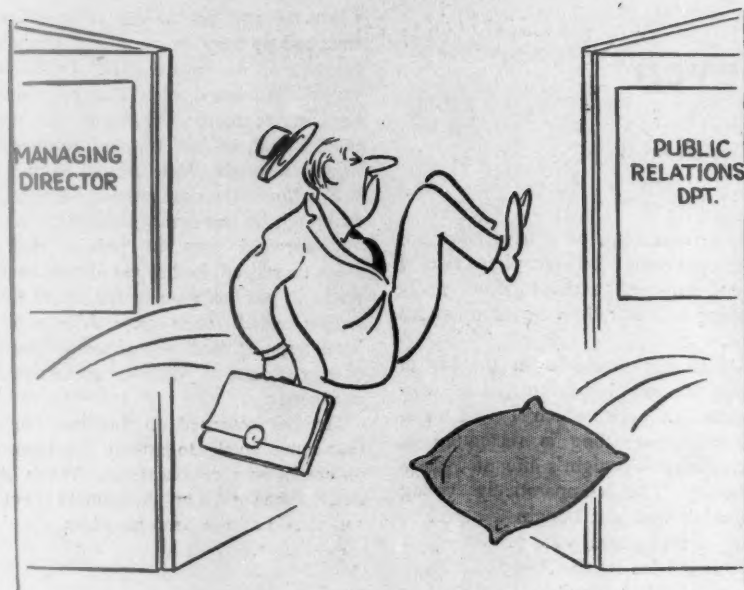
For this is the next remarkable thing. Although he has firmly refused to take any forward part in public affairs since he retired, he has yet always been ready to pay his moving tribute to the House which once gave him more loyal support than the personal court of any dynast or dictator could have promised.

He has returned to London more than once solely to attend the House on one of its great occasions. When he enters, he is given an affectionate cheer, and that is all the heed paid him.



"Always remember, Sydney, the order is addressed to them, the multitude, not to us, the servants of the company."





*Eric Burgin*

He then sits, his head usually slumped on his chest, but every now and then giving evidence that he is following the proceedings. There are some who do not find anything affecting in the spectacle, unless it is that they affect to find it ridiculous. They do not ask themselves why he does it, why a great man should bother to attend a speech by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

What retired dictator, indeed, would contemplate doing such a thing? But is this not the point? Sir Winston Churchill attends the House only as one of many private members: the greatest living Englishman he may be, but not even he is too great to scorn a corner seat below the gangway as a private Member of the House of Commons. It is not a meaningless gesture to the importance of free institutions.

Nor should it be thought that, when his head slumps on his chest, it is necessarily weariness that is afflicting him.

The most amusing, and authentic, of all the stories of his retirement is told by one of two Conservative back-bench Members who were sitting behind him. "Pity about the old boy," one said to the other; "they say that he tires very quickly now." "Yes," said the other, "they say he can't remain

active for more than a few hours at a time."

Slowly Sir Winston raised his head, and turned half round in his seat. "They also say," he added simply, "that he is deaf."

What there is of pain, what there is of disability, which afflicts him in his old age, I do not pretend to know. I know only that in his public life, which is all that decently concerns us, he adds as much in his retirement to our respect and fondness for human nature as ever he did in his more active years.

He shows, still, resilience; he shows, still, dignity. And he shows, still, although this may seem harder to believe, evidence of a powerful frame and intellect.

When I studied the Sutherland portrait, on that afternoon at Westminster, it seemed to me to be right, excellently right, in every detail, yet I knew that it had missed the binding principle of the man: the picture was not true, to use a phrase of Disraeli's, to his organisation. But I could not make out what it was that was missing.

As I moved away, I turned back to have a last look. I was at about the same distance from it as I had, between 1950 and 1955, often been from the man himself when I sat in the Press

Gallery. At once I saw what Mr. Graham Sutherland had lost.

Sir Winston, even then, would frequently slump on the Front Bench: the head would seem to loll, the arms would hang loose, the legs, not touching or barely touching the floor, would sometimes seem to be waving feebly about. But always his whole frame gave the impression of an entirely organised man who, at the moment when it was necessary, could suddenly draw every loose joint together, and stand compact with force and energy against any attacker—or any fool.

Again and again, in those years, one saw him do this, especially at Question Time; and, on the few occasions when he now appears in public, again usually in the House, one still has this same impression of a man who is organised to his own centre.

There are those who say that they find the contrast between Sir Winston at the height of his powers and Sir Winston to-day a saddening one. They are wrong. There is no contrast. If they only looked they would still see what there has always been there to see, the physical evidence of a man powerfully organised by some principle within himself. That is the one thing age cannot touch, in any man. The example of this is, perhaps, the last of his gifts to us.

## *Danger, Men at Play*

**L**ITTLE jets of water,  
Little tear-gas bombs  
Make the childish game of  
Democrats v. Coms.

Little slabs of concrete,  
Little yells of "Yah!"  
No wonder that we wonder  
Where the hell we are.

Build another layer on,  
Make it good and tall . . .  
And don't forget the wall game's  
Not a game at all.

— J. B. BOOTHROYD

## Paying for the Arrangements

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS hears about immigration from the Irish

IN Ireland, out of which, as from Africa of old, there is these days always something new, the Trade Union secretaries have formed a Trade Union Secretaries' Union to make sure that the Trade Unionists pay them properly.

"It's a sweated industry, that's what it is," said Patrick Doolan in his office in Ballybay. "When the boys go on strike it's we that have to organise it. It throws a lot of extra work on us. But do they pay us overtime? Devil a penny of it. No sense of loyalty to their employees—that's what's the matter with the Irish worker. They say they want extra productivity. What is increased productivity for a Trade Union official but more strikes? But why should a man organise strikes if he isn't going to get anything out of them? It isn't reasonable."

I found that he was much dismayed at the suggestion that Ireland might be exempted from the new British immigration restrictions.

"An insult to Ireland," he said. "That's what it is. Another insult to Ireland. What do they think that we set up a Republic for if they're going to go on treating us as if we belonged to their God-forsaken Commonwealth, and even better, too?"

At present it is theoretically necessary for anyone who is not a citizen of Northern Ireland to get a permit in order to take certain jobs in that country. In practice the necessity does not amount to much. Mr. Doolan told me of one firm in the North which had made all its Southern workers directors, since directors do not have to get permits.

"Why did they do that?" I asked. "Wouldn't it have been quite easy for them to get permits?"

"It would," said Mr. Doolan.

"Why did they declare their workers directors then?" I asked.

"Just for the cod of it," said Mr. Doolan.

It had been Mr. Doolan's calculation that, since at the present there is no sort even of a statistical record of the inflow of Southern Irish Labour either

into Northern Ireland or into Great Britain, it would not be possible to establish a system of control without first establishing a considerable new bureaucracy, and bureaucracy, as he was well aware, means bureaus—means building. "Almost all office building in England," he said, "is done by Irish labour," and, although in this he slightly exaggerated, what he said had in it a great measure of truth. Offices would have to be built at the English ports, at the Northern Irish ports and above all in the frontier towns along the Border, and what labour was going to erect those buildings? What labour but Irish labour? Who was going to pay for them, who but the British Government? Could any arrangement be more satisfactory? Ballybay is itself but a few miles from the Border.

"We live by the Border and we live by the Border," explained Mr. Doolan

in the most stereotyped of all the jokes of County Monaghan.

"In order to keep out Irish labour," explained Mr. Doolan with impeccable logic, "they'll have to build a bloody great lot of buildings and they'll have to bring in a lot of Irish labour to build them. It'll solve our unemployment."

As for the border Mr. Doolan was at pains to explain to me that he was no IRA man. He did not believe in physical violence. He was in fact against it, but if some of the boys should from time to time blow up some of the buildings and they had to be built all over again—well, business was business, and it would be absurd to look on that as an unmixed evil.

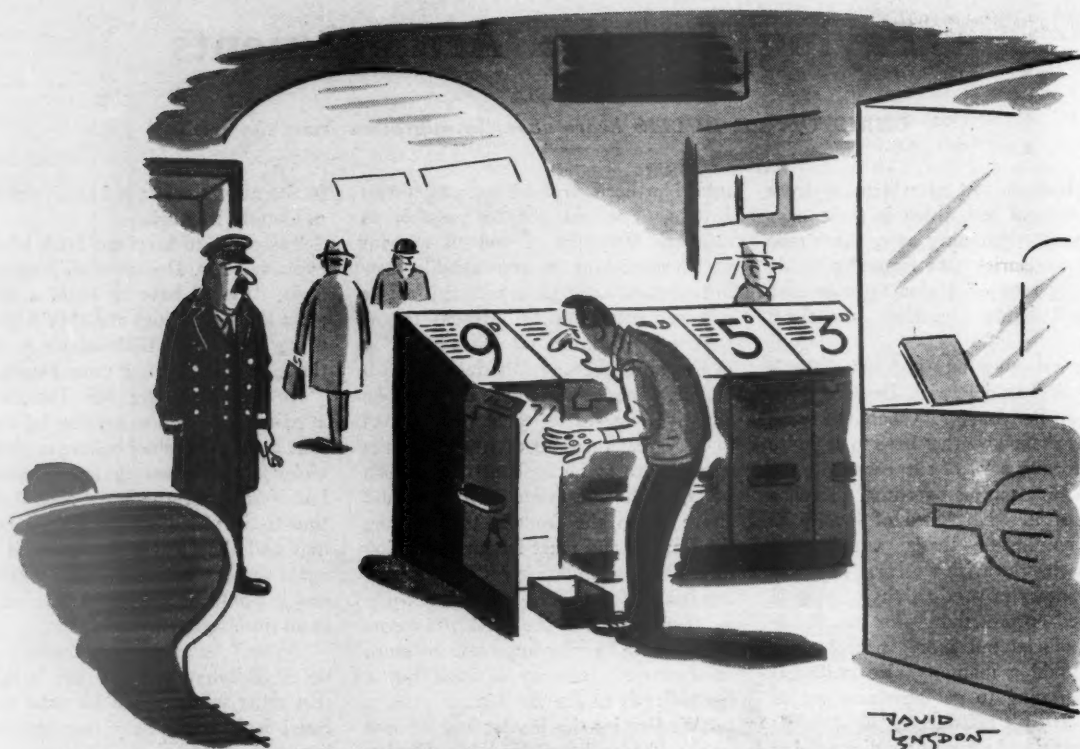
"Why," he said, "what would they do in Ballybay but put up buildings that other fellows have knocked down? Sure, isn't it the way they've always lived?"

### THEN AS NOW

*It is curious that the mantle of Lloyd George should rest, however fleetingly, on the shoulders of Mr. Woodrow Wyatt.*



"A KNAVISH LAD."



"Some ruddy members of the public have started decimal coinage already."

It seemed a sufficiently satisfactory economic programme.

So Mr. Doolan was very pleased to think that everything would be satisfactorily arranged. The British Government was going to impose immigration restrictions. Irish pride was to be satisfied by the fact that Irishmen were to be treated properly as aliens. Irishmen were only going to be let into England if they had jobs to go to, and a works permit system was in itself no bad thing, since there was certain to be a little bit in it for the Union secretary in arranging some of the permits and raising imaginary difficulties which could for a consideration be overcome. In fact there were as many jobs for Irishmen in England as there were Irishmen willing to go to them. So no one would be kept out. Indeed there would probably be rather more jobs going. "The English," explained Mr. Doolan, "don't like building and they must have buildings." The whole arrangement could hardly be better.

It was therefore with great dismay that he heard over Radio Eireann the

report of Mr. Bulter's speech announcing that it was not practicable to impose restrictions on Irishmen. The fact was bad enough. The reason was even worse. The Northern Irish Government, it seemed, had announced that such restrictions would not be acceptable.

"And what cause have the Northerners to interfere between us and the British Government?" asked Mr. Doolan.

"If restrictions were put on to entry from Southern Irish ports, then people would just travel through to Belfast and enter England from there," I explained.

"Of course," said Mr. Doolan, assenting to the obvious.

"And then the controls would be unworkable," I persisted.

He was entirely at a loss to understand what bearing this could have on the subject that we were discussing. It had never occurred to him that the controls could be workable. Meanly as he thought of British politicians, even he had never imagined that they were so foolish as to expect that.

"It's the pickings," he said, "that make these systems worth while—that and the odd drink on the Government."

"You'd think that they didn't want to make a living, the way some of these British politicians talk," he added. "What's the use of having regulations to keep people out except that you want them to come in? You make your money on the arrangements. And why shouldn't what applies to West Indians apply to Irishmen as well? That's why we secretaries are insisting that the boys should pay us by results."

Next Wednesday's Punch



A new series of sketches of life in the Welsh valleys by

**GWYN THOMAS**

"The Seeding Twenties"



## Doctor in My Life

By PATRICK RYAN

THEY'VE been getting at Enoch Powell in Parliament because 28 cases have been reported in the past two years of surgeons operating on the wrong patient or the wrong part of the body. It may assist him in his promised investigations to know that he can strike DNG 5210629 off the list. The medicine-men haven't had much chance to do me surgically wrong. I've never penetrated a hospital's defences deep enough to get within scalpel-range. I can't get past the outer guards of appointment-makers, card-writers, paper-checkers, wait-here nurses and you're-in-the-wrong-queue

sisters. After three hours on the prison-bench with buttocks petrifying and no sign of reaching god-head I just give up and beat it to an osteopath for a quick twist, or to a herbalist for a box of garlic-and-charcoal pills. If they don't fix me up I watch *Emergency Ward 10* till some character turns up with my symptoms.

The healing artists, nevertheless, have worked their share of tangles in my ravelled skein. I was twelve when I suffered my first medical misfortune in the waiting-room of Dr. Hayblow, physician-extraordinary to the Old Kent Road. I sat at the end of a line of

regulars next to a man whose breath creaked like a leather door.

"I'm chronic," he said proudly. "Chronic. And what's more I got the neurasthena."

Uncertain whether the neurasthena was a bane or a benison, I smiled encouragingly.

"And what you done to your hand, son?"

"I cut it opening a tin of beetroot. And it's gone septic."

"Septic? Aaar. . . And have you got the red line?"

"I don't know. Where d'you get it?"

"Up the vein, of course. Blood



"You can take a rest now m'sieu—M'sieu!"

poisoning. Let's have a look . . . Aaar . . . That don't look too clever. I reckon you got the red line starting down there."

All the regulars gathered round and gave their diagnoses. It was eleven for my having got the red line already and two not dead certain but I'd better watch out.

"What happens if you get the red line?" I asked in alarm.

"It creeps up the vein to your heart. Two inches a day the poison travels."

"And if they don't catch it before the elbow," said a fat lady with great satisfaction, "you have to have your arm off. If it gets to the elbow there's

nothing the Good Lord himself can't do but amputate."

"Brother-in-law of mine 'ad 'and like that," moaned a man covered in calamine lotion. "Chisel slipped Wednesday. Septic, Thursday. Red line, Friday. Up his arm like a monkey after grapes. Sunday morning, 'alf after eleven, and our Gracie's a widow."

"Got to his aorta, that's what it did," nodded a bright-smiler in a feather boa. "Once it makes the heart the poison clogs up the valves and the aorta and all that. Pitiful death but mercifully swift."

Dr. Hayblow opened the surgery door.

"Next please."

"Mel!" I cried. "I'm priority. I've got the dread red line."

I was off like a whippet and flung myself on the operating table with hand outstretched for the healing knife.

"Do me quick, doctor!" I begged. "Before it gets up the aorta."

"Get down off my desk," Hayblow said testily. "And keep your feet out of that card-index."

He called in three of the regulars to hold me down while he wiped the trail of beetroot-juice off my wrist and saved me from a fate worse than amputation.

The only doctor of whom I ever made an image in modelling clay for voodoo-perforation was the Judas who took one peep into my father's mouth and refused to consider him for a postman until he'd had all his teeth out. That the mail might go through, my parent went to a shilling-a-pull dentist and sacrificed his every corroding tusk. When he presented himself again at the surgery, all gums and Gladys Morgan, that prescription-peddler completed the official examination and failed him for flat feet.

The physician with whom I became most intimate was the Irish locum who answered the call when I slipped a sprocket in my back and lay paralysed on a bed of pain. My wife was out when he came, having her hair done. The Angel Gabriel could come knocking at our door with a telegram saying "Doomsday" and she'd still keep her hair appointment.

"I did the same thing to my own back a year ago," Seumus said, "and a colleague did a bit of manipulation and slipped it straight back for me. Put me right in a jiffy but I had to be careful about lifting things for a while . . . It's an awful great body you have but I'll see if I can't do it on you."

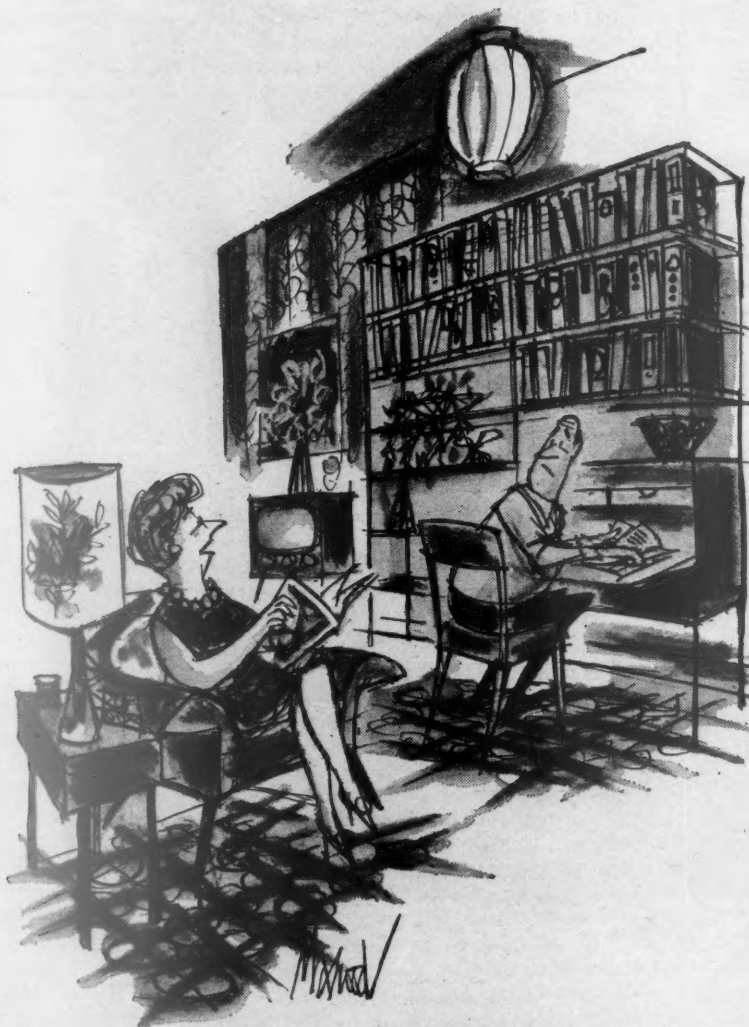
He arranged me in the posture of a prone praying-mantis, put one arm under my hips and the other round my right leg.

"Here we go . . . Hup!"

He pulled both ways at once, fireworks ran up my spine, the segments crinkled like castanets and suddenly I was free and easy again.

"You're a marvel, doctor," I said as I sat up. "An absolute genius. You've cured me in one."

"I know," he groaned, leaning on the bed with a hand on his sacro-iliac. "But I've put my own back out again



"Do you think we will ever be able to afford to live the way we do?"

doing it. I've ricked myself from here to next Thursday."

My strangest brush with Hippocrates was provided by my friend George, the Army MO and frustrated actor who worshipped James Elroy Flecker. Our bond of friendship lay in his ability, when the privations of war were at their worst, to make alcoholic drink by spiking any available liquid with ether and surgical spirit. It was his custom after such medical libations to have me walk around the camp with him declaiming the closing scene from *Hassan*. I played an Old Man while George played all the other parts, and our only audience was people looking out of their tents at three in the morning and telling us to get to hell out of it and take our blasted Golden Road to Samarkand.

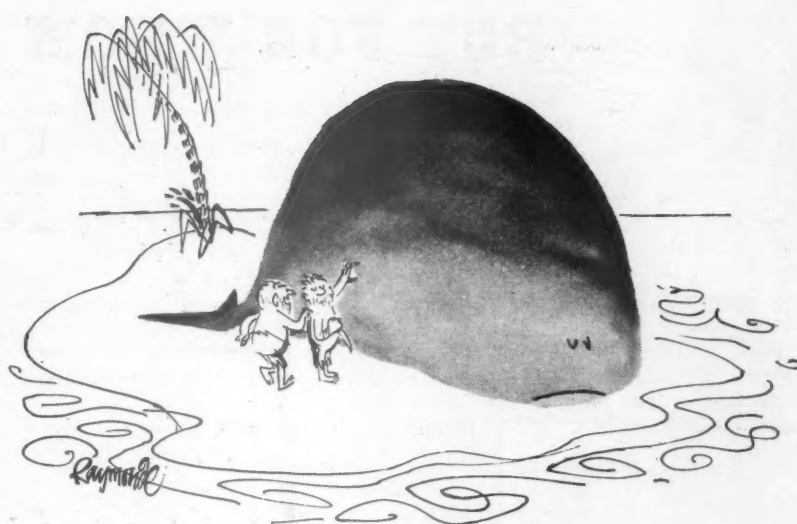
One sober midnight a white-faced medical orderly woke me. I found George lolling in a chair, one toe bleeding and his pupils contracted to snake-size. "You've got to help me," he mumbled somnolently. "I've pumped myself brimful of morphia."

It transpired that he had intended to operate on himself for ingrowing toe nail and had injected what he thought was captured German local anaesthetic but which turned out to be captured German four-star morphia.

"Don't let me fall asleep," garbled George. "Walk me around till it works through my system. And don't let anyone know I'm hopped-up. They'd court-martial me for doing it to a patient. But they'll have my MD off me for doing it to myself."

His feet dragged limply in the dust as I lugged him round and round the olive-grove. The sentries surveyed us with unusual curiosity. The guard-sergeant came out of his tent. A late-night jeep pulled up and there was the Colonel giving us a penetrating look... The only way to save George from the BMA Disciplinary Committee was to make out we were merely drunk. So I gave out with *Hassan*, leading off with my Old Man remonstrating with the travellers. And then in George's tipsy bass I crashed out the Merchants' chorus of reply.

The sentries relaxed, the sergeant went back into his tent, the Colonel drove on to his bed. All was right with the world. It was just the Samarkand-bashers on the bottle.



"Oh no!—this time it's my turn to share it out!"

## Ballade of Christian Charity

THEY'RE borrowing our garden for the fête.  
We should feel honoured, and of course we *do*.  
Won't take a moment to re-hang the gate  
And move the greenhouse back a yard or two;  
Clear out the potting-shed and paint it blue,  
And tidy up with mower, shears and hoes.  
Better redecorate the downstairs loo.  
Yes, our religion keeps us on our toes.

The Mothers' Union Outing has a date  
With Styck and Co., who specialise in glue.  
We plan to entertain and educate,  
But now the private coach has fallen through.  
Panic all round! *And* the accounts are due,  
Though Mrs. Mixley helps me out with those.  
(So willing, bless her heart, but not a clue!)  
Yes, our religion keeps us on our toes.

Distributing the magazines I hate;  
Our parish has a far-flung far-from-few.  
Still, I must say they all appreciate  
My sketches for the annual revue.  
I'm captain of the Jumble-Sorting crew;  
At Sales of Work I am the One Who Knows.  
Sundays I slump exhausted in my pew.  
Yes, our religion keeps us on our toes.

O poor, misguided Prince, I pity you  
Your life of irresponsible repose!  
You go to Matins, Evensong, then *stew*,  
And think religion keeps you on your toes.

— HAZEL TOWNSON



# BUT FOR WHOM

*"I should like to express my gratitude to all who have assisted in the compilation of this book..."*



*"to Mr. Park, Keeper of the Muniment Room at Dredge Court, for his never failing assistance..."*

*"in particular to Captain the Lord Dredge, MBE, who generously gave me access to family papers..."*



*"to Professor Jympson-Holt, for his invaluable criticisms of a draft of Chapter Seventeen..."*

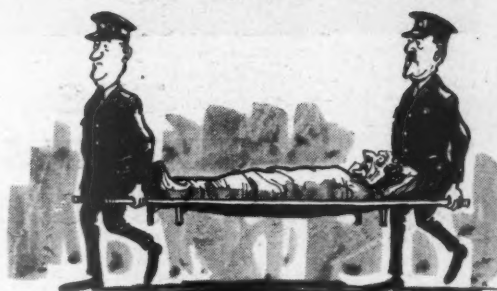
*"to Mr. Rupert Fitz-Henry, for anecdotes about the Dredge Family..."*



*"to Ophelia, Lady Dredge, who permitted me to photograph family portraits at Bogwater Manor . . ."*



*"to my publishers, for their admirable patience . . ."*

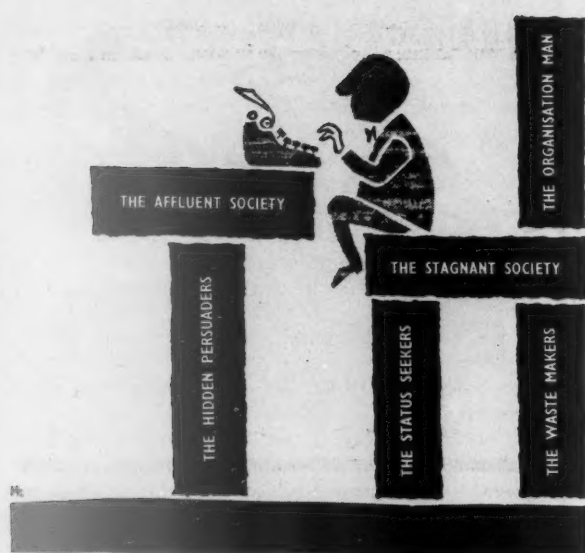


*"to Miss Alice Fish, who typed all three drafts, and rarely failed to decipher my abominable handwriting . . ."*

Henry, for  
Dredge Fam



*"and not least to my dear husband, who never once complained of my long absorption in this undertaking."*



## THE CATEGORISED SOCIETY

**H. F. ELLIS** concludes his study of  
the sociologists' compartments

### 6 The Ultimate Categorisers

**M**ANY a notable body remains as yet unchronicled. The Unmuddled Oafs, the Rubbish Keepers, The Cloud Gatherers, the Men Who Set the Trend—these cry out for recognition. But it seems right, in this final paper, to speak briefly of the group behind the groups, of the Categorisers themselves, who (as hinted in my introduction to the Umbrage Takers) are rapidly becoming numerous enough to make a book.

The distinction between induction and deduction in logic is now somewhat blurred, I believe, but the words will serve to indicate the two approaches to their subject open to categorisers. One may start with a general Law and proceed deductively to justify it or one may collect a host of particular instances and inductively infer from them a general Law. The latter process is tiresomely scientific and not much used; its fundamental drawback is that you don't know what you are looking for until you have found it. The former is fun.

But how, it may be objected, do you formulate a general Law to start from until you have a few facts to base it on? The question reveals a lamentable ignorance of the first principle of sociology, viz. that

*Any generalisation is immediately acceptable.*

To illustrate the truth of this, let us take the kind of remark that may at any time be made by anyone about anybody else. "He is the sort of man who calls his mowing-machine 'George.'" This is instantly understood by the listener. He never in his life met a man who called his mowing-machine "George" any more than the speaker has, yet there flashes into his mind a picture, an impression of a whole raft of people with this weakness. "Oh Lord!" he says. Here we have at once a clearly apprehended and defined category, of which no single instance is known to exist. It is now a short step to the enunciation of a general intuitive law about the presumed members of such a group (e.g. that Inanimate Pet Name Users belong mainly to the £900-£1,500 a year bracket). Finally comes the completion of the deductive process, the collection of supporting data by inquiring among people in the chosen income-bracket for the names of acquaintances who are the sort of people who call their mowing-machines "George." They will supply plenty.

Note that the category selected should have a pejorative sense, or at least sound, as this secures more ready co-operation during the investigating period. It would be possible, I suppose, to write a book called "The Helpful Society," but it would be hard work and would never sell. Call it "The Do-gooders" and the battle is half won. In this search for the pejorative the sociologist is aided by the Second Principle of his science. We have already seen, in an earlier paper, that almost everything is widespread. We can now go a stage further and state that

*Whatever is widespread sounds bad.*

A man in Subtopia, earning £5,000 a year, lives in a long white house with a loggia, whatever that may be. Very well. The statement is colourless, whether for good or ill. Nobody cares—unless it might be a couple of acquaintances who have been asked to dine. But now let a competent categoriser get to work and show that of all £5,000-a-year men in Subtopia thirty-eight per cent live in long white loggia-type houses. At once the scene changes. A trend is seen to have reared its ghastly head. The loggia ceases to be a thing that anybody who can afford it might like to have and becomes a symbol of something undesirable; all that is natural, genuine, straightforward, warm and human flies out of the windows of the long white houses, and the reader, without further prompting, feels himself in the presence of yet another proof of the essential rottenness of modern society.\*

These, then, are solid advantages for the categoriser. He has a practically free hand in his choice of category, or title, knowing that nature, numbers, and the eagerness of society to believe the worst of itself will do the rest. He need not even have any clear idea of what his chosen title means, or he may change it in mid-stream—a point that was well brought out by my friend B—, a well-known categoriser who spoke more frankly to me than he would have done had he known that he was himself being categorised.

"I was at work on 'The Remunerative Society,'" he recalled, "a title that I felt sure would eventually lead me down some fairly sordid by-paths, and in the course of my

\*Multiplication almost always produces a shudder. The writer remembers being overcome, when loading a single day's ration of bread for an AA Battery in the autumn of 1939, by a conviction that at this rate the war would be lost by Christmas. This was not, however, strictly speaking a sociological frisson.



inquiries found that a number of my lower IQ contacts genuinely believed that the upper classes had four stomachs. The obvious confusion about the nature of my investigation that led to this curious disclosure at first annoyed me; but I soon saw the inherent possibilities, changed my title to 'The Ruminative Society,' and as you know produced a book that was hailed as a 'brilliantly satirical exposure of the prevailing "cud-chewing mentality."' One should always keep a flexible mind and be prepared to follow where the material leads."

Not all categorisers will agree with this last sentence of B——'s. Some will argue that it admits the thin end of the wedge of the inductive method, with its suggestion that one should abandon a prepared position if the facts seem to be against it. But this is to misunderstand B——, who would never be guilty of so suicidal a proposition. All he meant to say, I feel sure, was that advantage should be taken of any happy accident that crops up in the course of an inquiry—an unexceptionable statement. It has to be remembered, as anyone who has conducted any kind of poll, quiz or questionnaire knows, that nine-tenths of the answers received have nothing to do with the question. The skilled categoriser does not ignore these *non sequiturs*; he puts the more laughable of them in his book, knowing that therein lies his best chance of having it reviewed as "a wide-ranging human

document," or at least as "intensely readable." And now and again he will do more. He will see in some random, rambling disclosure the germ of an entirely new line of research, a finger-post pointing the way to a hitherto undiscovered social quirk, craze, imbecility or, with luck, enormity.

One such happy accident came to me, in my own small way, while questioning an old Shropshire woman in the course of my prolonged investigation into the Rubbish Keepers. "Do you hoard up old bent nails, Madam?" I had asked her. "Bits of wire? Rubber washers from screw-top bottles, just in case?"

She said no.

"Jam-jars, dance programmes, paint-tins with only a bit of skin left at the bottom?"

"Dance programmes!" she said, and cackled in a hopelessly unscientific way.

"Don't attempt to deny," I said sternly, "that you have boxes and boxes of little left-over pieces of curtain stored away somewhere, fragments of calico rolled up inside sheets of 1912 newspaper, yellowing tape, balls of magenta wool, strips of silk that perished when Baldwin was a young man."

But she denied it. And so the thing went on, with no co-operation worth speaking of, until on the point of giving up I happened to mention butter muslin stained with raspberry



"...with this difference, this time the take-over bid will be effected without any promise that all employees will retain their jobs."

juice. "Ah!" the old lady said. "Now there's a thing my mother was fond of keeping. 'It'll be something to put in the cupboard' she used to say."

*Something to put in the cupboard!* Here, out of the blue, was an entirely new approach to the phenomenon of rubbish hoarding—not for its own sake nor from an inability to throw things away, but simply for the sake of the cupboard.

"Madam," I said warmly, "you have launched a new category!" And so she had. My resulting "The Cupboard Lovers," with its penetrating analysis of the snobbery of well-filled shelves, its discovery of the Hubbard complex, its sidelights on political life, on Ministerial portfolios and pigeon-holes and the whole vast field of local government records, was widely hailed as one of the warmest and most damaging human documents since "The Machine Minders."

This brief personal excursus may help to explain something of the fascination that keeps the categorisers at their self-appointed task. But they could not carry on without the ready co-operation of the public, as readers if not as raw material. This is assured because a human society loves to

hear about its own enormously complicated, bizarrely motivated, utterly gruesome make-up. The mystery is the thing. A man buying a tin of baked beans is not in himself exciting; the thrill and the shock come when his action is seen as a social pressure at work, as part of a consumption pattern, perhaps even as a "distinctive mode." The most ordinary operation has something to do with prestige. Everywhere, in this bright new categorised world, are class indicators and cultural phenomena, roots and familistic schools and psychological mores; lines are being blurred and sharpened, barriers raised and lowered, vases removed from piano tops in farewell gestures to working-classhood. The infinitely varied groups shift and shimmer in a delicately veined morass of petty pride, fear, prejudice, greed, bogus gentility and genteel bogusness.

Small wonder that the reader seizes with eager delight upon each fresh revelation of the inherent awfulness of his own society. For (and this perhaps deserves to rank as the third and last great principle of sociology) *he is not himself involved or implicated*. It is all those others that are so ghastly.

[THE END]

## Company Directors Bound Over

*A New Look for Old World Soccer?*

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

THE most worried group of people at the great rally of business tycoons held the other week at the Albert Hall under the banner of the Institute of Directors was the football section. While we toyed with our pre-packed austerity luncheons I questioned some of these desperately anxious men about the catastrophic decline in attendances at League games. It should be obvious from the views given below that the football director is a much-maligned man, the victim of grossly unfair and mendacious gossip at the

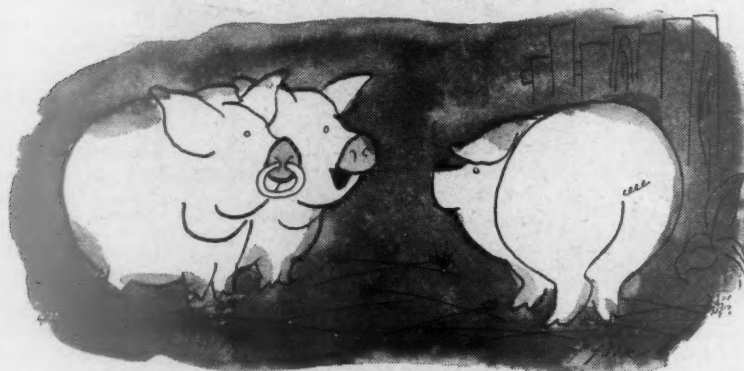
hands of spectators, football managers, players and pressmen.

Left free to put their own business-like remedies into effect they would, I feel sure, soon have the turnstiles clicking merrily again, and put British soccer back in its rightful place at the top of the world table.

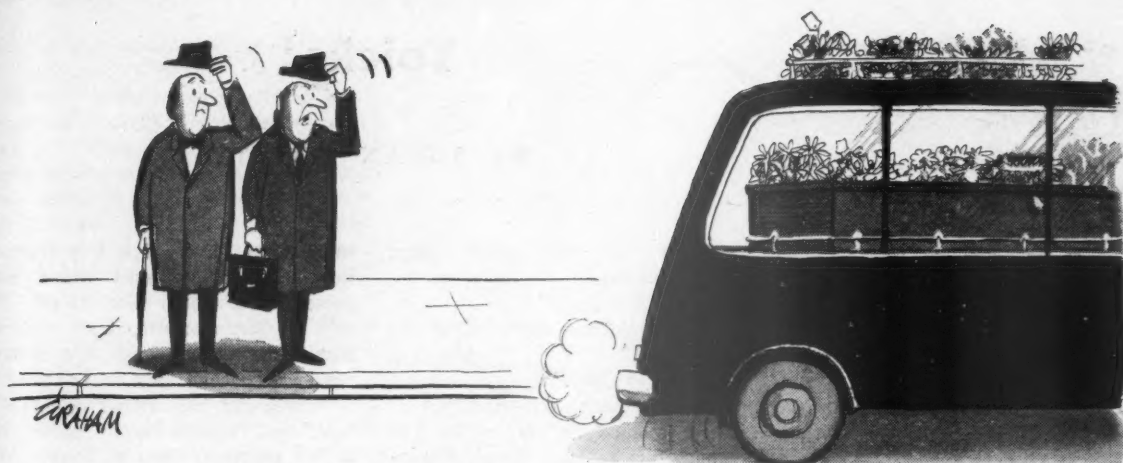
Councillor K. Rancid (M— City): "I'm fed up with people belly-aching about amenities. What more do they want? Spectators on the terraces are a jolly sight warmer than those in the stands, what with all that body heat and

actual physical contact. A lot of people I know come to our ground just for the warmth, but whose fault is it if they won't pack close together as we used to do when I was a boy? When it's very cold I usually ask the staff to switch on the floodlighting for a few minutes to take the chill off—but I don't think this kind of thing is appreciated. Lavatories? No need for them surely. A football match lasts only ninety minutes, and anyone who's sick oughtn't to go to soccer anyway. And don't talk to me about la-di-dah Continental clubs with all their lounges, restaurants, and one-arm bandits. We don't want that kind of thing over here. Football's a man's game. If our players would get stuck in you'd soon see the crowds back."

Frederick Emmsworth (S— Rovers): "I blame the Government. What's killing football is the ordinary man's affluence, which is of course based on inflation and the crippling taxation of the executive class. Macmillan gives everybody a car to go to the seaside in in summer, and what happens? They abuse the privilege, use their cars for shopping and joy-riding on Saturday afternoons when they should be supporting their town eleven. Football



"We're engaged!"



"Fell down the shaft of his survival shelter, poor chap."

brings business to a place, as every shopkeeper knows, and good business means lower prices all round. So people who don't go to soccer are ruining the local economy and cutting off their noses to spite their faces. If the car industry would play the game and price the worker out of the market we'd soon see the terraces packed again. Mind you, I also think some of the blame lies with the footballers. They ought to get stuck in more."

Harry Pit (N—— Villa): "I put a lot of our trouble down to midfield play. There's too much of it, and I think we ought to follow the example of cricket and cut down the size of the playing area. A 75-yard boundary has brightened up cricket appreciably, and I think that the elimination of the midfield area would brighten football. For one thing you'd have the goals closer together, so the play would always be in one side's penalty area. Also of course we should have more room for the spectators. I'd like to see drive-in football grounds with the spectators watching happily from their cars. Also of course it's up to the players themselves. They've got to cut out the fancy stuff and get stuck in."

Sir William Bauer (A—— United): "Television is the trouble. We have a set in the Directors' Box and I must say it can be pretty distracting even when you're watching an A1 game. TV should go off the air on Saturday afternoons. This would enable receivers to cool down, and it would prevent the public from being contaminated by such filthy trash as

wrestling, racing, boxing, swimming, Rugby Union and Rugby League. I'm not a fuddy-duddy though. In its place TV is all right. I don't think the odd programme such as *Take Your Pick* and *Double Your Money* does anybody any harm. What I object to most about TV is the fact that when they show football matches, live or on films, the players are too scared and uppity to get stuck in."

Sam Taulk (W—— Town): "To some extent it's our own fault. We appoint the managers and we recruit them exclusively from the ranks of old players. Now footballers are not business men. Obviously. If they'd had what it takes they'd never have gone in for soccer in the first place. They are dead-beats and stubborn with it, so that they sometimes refuse to take the advice of their betters. A manager of mine bought a player for £20,000, an inside-left who wasn't worth his car-fare. So I had to step in. I sold him for £30,000 a few weeks later right over the manager's head. The manager was furious, so naturally I fired him. But my policy was justified up to the hilt six months later when the club I'd sold the inside-left to got rid of him to another sucker—an Italian club this time. Roma, I think. For £80,000, odd."

"Managers are ten a penny. I certainly wouldn't let my daughter marry one."

Mr. Syd Blakiston (B—— County): "There's something wrong, I think, with the organisation of the League. After the first few games of the

season three-quarters of the clubs are afraid of relegation and play accordingly. I would abolish relegation altogether and double the number of clubs promoted. In time this would get rid of the fourth, third and second divisions and make all clubs first-class. The spectator nowadays won't pay to see second-rate football. It's an obvious solution, isn't it?"

Mr. Neddy Chapbook (T——— Academicals): "Listen, mister, I'm a business man. I don't move a step in my business without taking expert advice, so I'm going to ask the League to call in a team of scientific consultants and public relations boys. They'll sort it all out. If they can flog the stuff I make I don't see why they can't sell soccer—even the fancy, effeminate stuff the teams serve up nowadays. No, I've nothing to add. No comment. Let me finish my lunch in peace, please. I want to hear Lord Chandos..."

#### BLACK MARK . . .

. . . for the irrepressibly waggish licensee. Samples of his bar talk:

"What can I do you for squire? Or have you already been did? Half a pint? That'll be nine pounds ten. And a glass of girder-juice? One and five pennies. And a whisky? Two and one-pence, please. Thanking thee very muchly, squire. And how's the lady? Treize beans weather we've been having. Excusez moi a moment, silver plate, I must give a bit of service to the other client-hell. What's it to be, squire? Two g.t.s?"





Rory Davis



## ROCKING CHAIRS



## Yoicks!

By SUSAN CHITTY

"BUT all the others hunt, Mummy."

"We don't."

"It's a children's meet. Even the scruffiest . . ."

"I'm not a child."

"You can come as my escort."

There seemed no way out. For Lucinda dress was no problem. Equipment for herself and her pony have been her staple birthday and Christmas fare for the past two years. I was less fortunate.

"Colonel Bootlace says nothing gives away the novice so much as eccentricity of dress," said Lucinda. Colonel Bootlace is the author of a book she picked up in a secondhand bookshop. He also says that coloured brow-bands, monogrammed saddle-cloths and earrings are out. I finally borrowed jodhpurs, a hacking jacket and boots from friends. A velvet-covered crash helmet I already possessed and my Brigitte Bardot head-square made an adequate stock.

The day of the hunt dawned dull and grey. Lucinda and I bicycled to the ponies' field uncomfortably early. They were at that time "keeping down the grass" in the Bartholomews' orchard.

"Rain before eleven," said the postman, as we passed him on the hill.

"Won't hold off long now," said the lodge keeper as we turned up the drive. We waded across the orchard, ankle deep in mud, our pockets bulging with sugar. Lucinda caught Firefly without difficulty but Merrylegs, a diminutive cart horse from the Western Isles, was

more canny. Every time I approached her head she whisked round and presented me with a minatory tail. By now the Bartholomews, all six of them, had come out through the french windows chewing toast.

"Come and help round up Merrylegs," said Lucinda happily, pulling up at full gallop in front of them. We spread out fanwise across the orchard and started to drive Merrylegs towards a corner. She walked there quietly, waited until we were within yards of her and then broke through our cordon at a full gallop, head and tail held high.

"Like the charge in *Henry V*," said Lucinda and galloped off in pursuit. We did it five times and the sixth time she stood quietly and waited to be saddled.

By the time we had got the mud off the ponies it was on us. "We'll just clean them as far as their knees," I panted. In my head echoed the words of Colonel Bootlace about an improperly groomed horse being an insult to the Master, the Hunt and very likely the British Empire as well.

The clouds were lowering visibly as we set off. "And don't forget to count twenty before holloaing," said Lucinda. "And it's 'War wire,' not 'Ware wire.'"

On the main road the horse-boxes of the rich started to thunder past us.

"We're going to be late," said Lucinda.

"I can't make Merrylegs go any faster, she's not shod," I said crossly.



My feet were completely frozen.

A girl groom perched on one shaven giant and leading another came up behind us. Her voice came from a long way up. "Mind if I join you? They're better behind something quiet." We were certainly that. Merrylegs was barely moving. A wizened groom with two more horses joined us, then a smart young couple and a local farmer.

"Don't forget Daddy got permission for us to use Sir William's drive." We turned up Sir William's drive and so did our tail. We made a noise like the Household Brigade. I wondered what Sir William was thinking.

"How much further is it?" said Lucinda, looking at her watch.

"Never been here before."

At last the white gate at the end of the drive came in sight. Beyond it were the horse-boxes lined up on the main road. I urged Merrylegs into an unwilling trot and swung off her gracefully to open the gate. It was locked.

We finally reached the road ten minutes later via the lodge keeper's cabbage patch. By then the meet was well and truly met. At least eighty mounted persons filled the car park of the Cat Inn and overflowed on to the road, where police were directing the traffic. Every moment more horses were being let out of horse boxes with a rattle and rush. Hounds gushed from another box and lapped round our hooves like a choppy sea. A rump with a red ribbon attached to it was pushed in my face. A man lashed at us with a whip in an attempt to control the hounds. There was a great deal of raising of bowlers by tall young men on tall young horses to young women who looked as good as cigarette advertisements. Every few minutes somebody's horse, twitching with surplus oats (at forty shillings a hundredweight) would have a fit of equine hysterics. The eternal two-year-old astride a hobby horse was being photographed by the local press to appear on Wednesday over the caption "The Young Entry." And round it all, three deep, stood the pedestrian ladies with sheepskin coats, head scarves and dogs to prove that they were horsey if not actually horsed.

I found a quiet corner by the saloon bar window and stayed there. Inside I could see pink-coated stockbrokers drinking double whiskies. They had arrived by car and their girl grooms



"It's definitely overheating—a blockage in the cooling system, I'd say."

waited outside holding their horses. I would have given a lot for a sip out of one of their glasses. My feet had gone long since and my hands were beginning to follow them. Lucinda had disappeared in search of school friends to show herself to. I also knew some of the other riders. I was even on after-church "Good morning" terms with the Master, Sir Randolph, but never had the social gap between us gaped so wide.

Someone came round for our half-crowns, a well-known comedian arrived on a medieval charger, a few more horses had brief *crises de nerfs* and we were off, all one hundred and two of us.

It reminded me of the boat race: the escort of motor launches, or in this case motor cars, was more impressive than the spectacle itself. It must have stretched for half a mile behind us. I tried to obey Colonel Bootlace and keep modestly to the back of the field. I followed a mounted mother with three mounted toddlers but I soon found I was separated from them by a Land Rover, an estate car and a Mercedes 220.

Finally we turned into a muddy field which was not suitable for wheeled traffic. One of the three toddlers' ponies decided it was not suitable for it either. "Never mind," said the mounted mother. "We've had a lovely hunt," and they turned for home.

By now the field was disappearing

through a gate into a wood a quarter of a mile away. It takes quite a long time for a hundred and two horses to pass through a gate only wide enough to accommodate one at a time so we had no difficulty in catching up. The track through the woods was muddy before we started and much muddier by the time we had all passed along it. Firefly sank up to her shoulders on one occasion. Sometimes we waded but mostly we just stood and listened to the strangely savage yelps made by Sir Randolph and his helpers as they drew cover after cover. I suppose they were saying "Yoicks" and "Tally ho." At any rate trained ears among us were able to pick up these signals and interpret them.

"Haven't found yet," they said wisely. Then suddenly for a couple of hundred yards we would all be cantering. "This is it," I thought. "Now for the five-bar gate, the two miles flat out, the water jump, the plough and the kill." But we stopped again. Once the whole field reversed, hounds appearing at the back (Lucinda had taught me to leave out "the") and I found myself an unwilling leader. Gradually those who had a right to the place overtook me. It began to rain hard and steadily.

At a level crossing Lucinda and I found a little girl with a soot-black pony that wouldn't cross. She was on one side of the railway line and the pony

was on the other. I wondered what would happen if a train came. By the time we had persuaded her pony to cross, the field had disappeared. Luckily a thousand head of stampeding cattle couldn't have left clearer tracks and the wild cries of Sir Randolph were still audible in the distance. We were only just under way once more when the soot-black pony wheeled round and set off at a flat-out gallop in the opposite direction. It was obviously a member of the Anti-Blood-Sports League. This time I ignored the still small voice of Colonel Bootlace: "Always stop to help other riders in difficulties."

When we caught up, the others were all standing round a corner of a field.

For a moment I thought it was the kill. Then I realised it was a jump, *the* jump, the only obstacle of the day that couldn't be got round, through or under. People were queueing up to take their turn. The more thorough were shortening their stirrups and adopting the approved jump seat. One after another they popped over the small stream like insomniacs' sheep. Finally Lucinda and I were the only ones left. Lucinda sailed over and then there was me. I put Merrylegs at it. She lumbered up to it and stopped. I kicked, I shouted, I whacked. Nothing would make her move. I took her round in a circle and tried to make her think it was a different jump. All in vain. I got off and pulled.

Lucinda jumped back across the stream (without difficulty) and pushed. Then Lucinda got back across the stream and pulled while I pushed. The only result was that Merrylegs pulled in the opposite direction and Lucinda landed in the stream. Ten minutes later a huntsman who had been rounding up stray hounds came up behind. He had the good manners not to notice us, cleared the stream in a fine arc and disappeared. After that everything became very quiet. Soon we could not even hear the cries of the huntsmen or the baying of the hounds. The only sound was the hiss of rain.

"I think we'd better go home," I said.

## The World's Best Game

By EVOE

JUDO and Volley-ball, I learn, are to be added to the list of Olympic Games in 1964. Judo is well known, even to me. It is the art which enables a small man to throw a hulking giant into space as though he were a sputnik. He lands after a while with a sickening thud among the spectators or on the floor of the ring.

But Volley-ball. Volley-ball I did not know. I sought the dictionary. It was not there. I went to the public library and soon was blushing with shame. Sometimes it seems as though my ignorance of important affairs will never end.

Volley-ball, said my book (and that no later than 1947), is rife in South America, Australia, India, the Philippines, Russia and the Orient, wherever that may be. But it is rife, far rife, in the USA.

"Down south in sunny Texas twelve hundred of the sixteen hundred Texas High Schools who are members of the State High School Athletic Association play it with delighted whoops . . . It has been estimated that four million people now play Volley-ball. Fast Texas teams have won the International Open Championship time after time . . . Had it not been for the illness of Jimmy Wortham, its stocky, black-haired All-American spiker, Houston,

Texas, YMCA would have won it seven times running . . . It is not only a good game for boys of all ages but it is a sport a boy can play until he is seventy. Even dubs who never played it before can get fun out of it."

It seems to be about time that England awoke to Volley-ball and learnt the rules. In the dim past in the England that used to be called merry, so the learned Mr. Strutt tells us, we used to play Camp-ball, Slow-ball, Bandy-ball, Ring-ball, Club-ball; not to mention Keel-pins, Tronks, Cambuc and Closh.\*

\*A kind of ninepins.



But Volley-ball, no. Volley-ball is an American adaptation of an Italian game that originated in what my author calls "the Romantic Countries" back in the Middle Ages. It emigrated to Germany in 1893. There it was called Faust-ball. From Germany it passed, by grace of William G. Morgan, to the Massachusetts YMCA. He called it Mintonette. Later, at the statesman-like suggestion of Doctor Alfred T. Halstead, the title was changed from Mintonette to Volley-ball.

It was a wary move. Mintonette sounds more like a flower than a game, just as sphairistike (that old name for lawn tennis), sounds more like a pulmonary complaint. And Volley-ball is rather like tennis.

But only rather. Six strong athletes are stationed on each side of the net, which is eight feet high. They impel the sphere, "about half as big and heavy as a basket ball," by smiting it with the fingers of the palms of their hands. Only three blows are permitted to each team in rotation before it is returned to the further side of the net. The three types of player are the stopper, the booster and the spiker. The last of these, standing near the net, strikes the projectile to the ground on the further side, whooping no doubt like a wild swan as he does so. But the



players on the opposite side may block this effort by leaping into the air and returning this stroke with outstretched hand.

The superiority of this pastime to almost any other known to man may be readily perceived, and I cannot help thinking that it is far older in origin than a mere medieval amusement. It was played I warrant in ancient Rome. It was the game, I feel certain, that the handmaids of Nausicaa were playing in Corcyra on the day after the King of Ithaca swam in from Troy. It needs no shaven lawn on which a mere lonely couple, or scant company of four disport themselves. The whole stretch of sward is filled with bounding volleys, and reboant with joyful cries. Little wonder that the game has swept the shores of the Pacific, and the East bowed low before its blast. I can well imagine it as a constant recreation alike of Russian Commissars, the women of Bali, and the Oil Kings of Texas.

It must not be thought that the exercise is easy. Far from it. The regulations are many and peculiar.

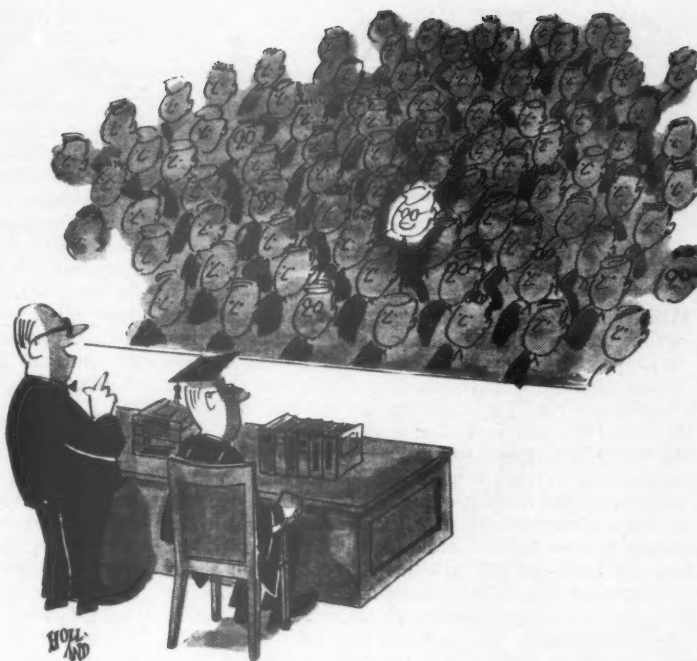
"Stand behind the service line, left foot forward, right knee bent, weight over the right foot, and lean slightly forward. The ball lies in the partly extended left hand, which is held waist high and towards the right side of the body." You have the posture, so.

"The act of serving consists simply of striking the ball off the left hand with the right hand, at the same time straightening the body, shifting the weight to the left foot, stepping forward with the right foot and following through with the right arm and hand."

This surely can be practised in the office or the works instead of that absurd tea-break.

"Furthermore, in dealing with rallies, the ball should be played whenever possible with the tips of the ten stiffened fingers, which are spread and cupped so that only the finger and thumb tips actually come in contact with the ball . . . Keep the eyes carefully on the dropping ball and meet it with an upward thrust of the taut fingers and thumbs, at the same time straightening the body with a slight jump to add force."

The next Olympic Games will be held, strontium permitting, at Tokyo three years from now. Where will the



"In my young days I was always bottom of the school."

Volleyers of England be at that hour?

Curiously enough the only similar game that I can find in all the *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, enumerated by Strutt in his scholarly work, is one which he calls "Fives," a very different fives from ours to-day.

In 1591, he tells us, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Elvetham in Hampshire by the Earl of Hertford:

"After dinner, about three o'clock, ten of his lordship's servants, all Somersetshire men, in a square greene court before her majesties windowe, did hang up lines, squaring out the forme of a tennis-court, and making a cross line in the middle; in this square they (being stript out of their dublets) played five to five with hand-ball at bord and cord as they tearme it, to the great liking of her highness."

They had the right idea, these men of Somersetshire, but they left no successors. The laurels withered on their brows and went to Houston, Texas.

We have dallied too long with Cricket, Football, Tennis, Keel-pins and Cosh. We are becoming a nation of dubs. Have we time to train a team of stoppers, boosters and spikers to meet the challenge that comes roaring from the Prairies, the Pampas, the

Steppes, the Outback, the Islands of the Coral Seas? We have YMCAs here in plenty, but are they whooping yet?

No sound reaches me. I fear that when the victorious Olympian spikers leap the eight-foot net at Tokyo to shake hands with their defeated rivals, those hands will be white, brown, black or yellow, but they will be none of ours.

### Whatever became of . . .

. . . ordinary sweets and chocolates? The ones you just ate for pleasure or out of greed? The sort they advertise nowadays are health foods. You sink your teeth into those crunchy, dribbly centres in the hope that they will increase your output in the factory or office, keep you going at outside-left on Saturday afternoon and ensure that you sleep soundly at night. Even the smallest gum-drop has room for innumerable vitamins. Now that Pastille Day is upon us it would be no surprise to hear that the humble Dolly Mixtures are full of the Life-Force. — J.E.H.

# Essence of Parliament

THE trouble about being a clever politician is that after a time nobody believes what you say—least of all when it happens to be true. Indeed everybody instinctively believes the opposite of what you say. Thus over the electricity settlement the House was willing enough to believe that Mr. Wood had merely muffed it and that it was all fixed up when Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was in Paris without his knowing anything about it. But when Mr. Macmillan intervened to make a personal statement it suspected the worst. He had only to assert that here was a settlement over which the Government had no control and which it bitterly regretted and there was hardly an MP on either side of the House who was not convinced that, if Mr. Macmillan did not know what was going on, it was only because he had been very careful not to know and that he was glad that somebody else should buy off a Christmas strike, while he could say that he had nothing to do with it. So in the same way on Thursday nobody quite believed, however bold the assertions, that Mr. Macmillan had consulted Sir Grantley Adams over the Immigration Bill as fully as he pretended. People believe that he didn't simply because he said that he did. Indeed, when Mr. Macmillan said "The Prime Ministers' Conference did not in its open session discuss this question as Prime Ministers," what were Members expected to believe? This may be all most unfair but I am afraid that that is the way it is.

Yet we were all of us—let us be honest, MPs or not—glad enough to hear that there was not going to be a power strike just when we were trying to cook our Christmas dinners, but the implications are alarming. What was the answer to the fears of Mr. Nabarro and Sir Derek Walker-Smith that, if Danegeld was paid to the electricians, it will in due time be paid also to the railwaymen and the miners?

What was the answer to Mr. Grimond's complaint that for ten years the Government has had no industrial policy? The Prime Minister's answer was that to have a policy was "Fascism" and that the democratic way was to have no policy at all but just to hope. It was not a very satisfactory answer.

## Missing the Trains

They used to argue whether the State was made for Man or Man was made for the State. An even more ancient tradition argued whether the Sabbath was made for Man or Man for the Sabbath. To-day, if we are to judge from Mr. Strauss, the issue is whether trains are made for man or man is made for trains. Mr. Marples read a long speech, the gist of which was that it would be a good plan if some day British Transport should be made to pay for itself. How it was going to do so even in the long run was not at all clear, but at least it was a good beginning to knock off some superfluous trains, and the 7.56 from Berwick to Edinburgh suddenly found itself elevated into an unexpected

headline owing to the fact that it was a case in point—that it cost £164 to run and had never carried more than eight passengers. This was not good enough for Mr. Strauss. He thought that we should ask of a train not whether it paid but whether it performed "an important social service" or even whether it was "a social necessity." That some form of public transport should be provided for those worthy citizens eccentric enough to wish to travel from Berwick to Edinburgh at about the time that all right-minded persons are sitting down to their dinner is certainly true, but it is hard to see how a train in which nobody travels can be a social necessity. We seem in the new dispensation and what between the one party and the other to be moving towards a new all-party ragamuffin Communism, in which social necessity means paying more money to railwaymen and miners to run trains in which nobody wants to travel. It is the new form of taking in each other's washing.

## Finding the Money

The part of the Transport debate that was on railways was neither very edifying nor very amusing. The Socialists who passed the act of nationalisation and the Conservatives who have been administering it are both under obligation to make the railways pay one day and there both have to pay lip service to the principle of solvency. But, as they were agreed upon the great constructive policy of writing off £475 million as a bad debt and neither had much doubt that they would in fact have in the end to write off much more, it was hard to think that either had much intention of translating principle into practice. The Ropner-Mellish-Wingfield Digby Axis which attacked the Government for its lack of shipping policy was more edifying, for there is some reason to think that they really did want something done about coastal shipping.

Wednesday was Scottish Housing, and the jealous Scots do not allow any Englishman to listen to that. The day was notable for a more pleasant occasion. As Mr. Marples was answering a question about road crossings in High Wycombe, he was to his surprise interrupted by a loud and rolling volley of Hear, hears. He was for a moment at a loss to guess why the zebras of High Wycombe should arouse this unexpected enthusiasm, but he saw what it was. Mr. David Logan had come into the House to celebrate his ninetieth birthday. His junior, Sir Winston, was there to greet him. Mr. Macleod and Mr. Gaitskell stepped out of order to make graceful little speeches of congratulation and the Speaker called on Mr. Logan "for a personal explanation." Mr. Logan had no difficulty in giving it with felicitous wit. The English, like the Chinese, like people to be old.

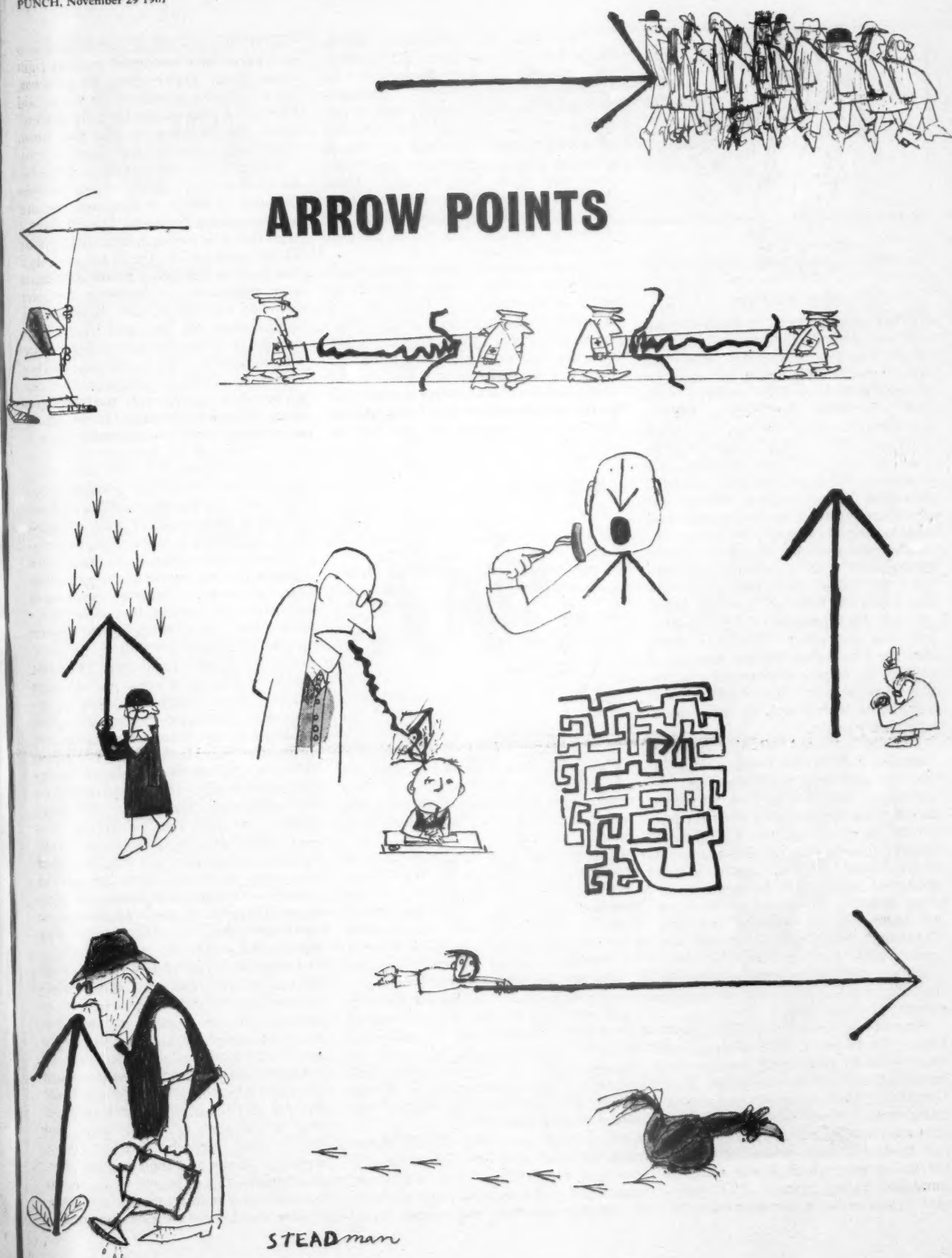
We had been promised another row about Civil Aviation on Thursday, but Mr. Strachey did not start off in at all a row-making form. He only seemed able to maintain interest in his own speech so long as Mr. McAdden was there to interrupt him, and when Mr. McAdden left the Chamber slipped easily into talking about the Minister of Education when he meant the Minister of Aviation. How could it matter which it was? Mr. Thorneycroft on the other hand is an oasis of courage in a desert of wish-wish. He faced frankly the difficulties, and, with eyes un-Marples-like not resting on a manuscript, laid about him. It was the best Ministerial performance of the week—in itself perhaps but qualified praise. After Mr. Thorneycroft the debate only came at all to life again for the return bout, when Mr. McAdden spoke and Mr. Strachey interrupted.

— PERCY SOMERSET



MR. MARPLES

# ARROW POINTS



STEADman





### After the Pause

THE pay pause, as its name implies, was bound to be a temporary affair. In fact it was a "pause that never was." The pace of wage increases may have been reduced since last July when Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's supplications rent the air, but some increase there has been—school-teachers and building workers, for example. Other concessions have been promised to take effect before next April, among them to farmworkers and now to electricity supply workers.

The prospect this opens up is not cataclysmic. As the Prime Minister tried to make clear last week, the dam-gates of inflation are not being opened. He is probably right. Credit is still dear and scarce. Taxes are such that the Chancellor will be counting a massive Exchequer surplus at the end of this financial year. These are not the ingredients with which to cook up an inflationary panic.

Having extracted all the possible reassurance from this minor fissure in the dam and from the PM's protestations that "the pause goes on," it seems all too probable that over the next few months there will again be a little more money chasing the available supply of goods and services. Some of that additional money will be spent, some of it before it is earned or received. All the evidence suggests that this Christmas, crisis-ridden Britain will again indulge in a record shopping spree.

There will be many beneficiaries from that swollen torrent of purchasing power. Here are a few:

First are Lines Bros. of Triang toy fame. There was a time when almost every Christmas tree in Britain was festooned with toys imported from Germany. Now there is a substantial traffic in the reverse direction. A German merchant of our acquaintance has just booked a large order for British toy racing cars which hurtle round a controlled racing circuit. "Wonderbar! Nothing like it in my country."

Last year the company's profits leapt from £1.5 million to £2.8 million. As recently as last September the directors announced that "prospects are good" and that they hoped to pay dividends of 1s. 4d. for 1961. On this assumption the 5s. shares at around 38s. 3d. yield a little under 4 per cent and may seem fully valued. This, however, is one of the companies which are likely to do extremely well in the Common Market. The shares are well worth locking away.

Another seasonal boom is that which will soon swamp every gramophone shop in the country. Electrical and Musical Industries have many other irons in the fire, some of them more complex and probably more profitable than the record business. But the old HMV label still symbolises a great deal of the company's turnover and profits. The teenage appetite for the best in

records and players is now voracious—and never have teenagers' pockets been better filled. The company has prepared for a tremendous run on its wares this Christmas. Its shares have come down from 52s. to around 42s. this year. They look attractive at that price.

Some of that extra money will also be spent on beer. How well the brewery industry is doing is indicated by the announcement from the United Breweries that it is paying a final dividend of 7½ per cent against the 6 per cent that was forecast. Another pause converted into movement. Allowing for the cost of financing the considerable acquisitions of the past year, the group's profit for the year to September 30 amounts to £2.8 million, an increase of about 12 per cent on the comparable figure for the previous year. There is considerable growth in safe storage here. — LOMBARD LANE

\* \* \*

### In the Country



### Dirt

PEOPLE are convinced that it's cleaner in the country. If they ever admit there's dirt they make the distinction that it's "nice clean dirt, not like a town."

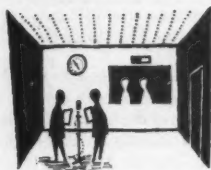
No, it's not at all like a town, not on our marginal land anyway. We've been crutching sheep—that is cutting off the tangled, manure-bound lumps round the tail and hindquarters. It's a warm job and not one that could be done in protective clothing. A struggling ewe takes some holding and her hooves can rip the ancient clothes that are the only ones for such a job. Then shearing. Fleeces aren't something that only need knitting needles and they're a twin set. Anyone who has used lanoline will know the sheer pervasiveness of the grease, but even lanoline has had the sheep smell removed.

There's always sweat, in spite of the popular idea that it's all done by machinery nowadays. But it's sweat combined with clouds of basic slag and a number of other ingredients, that

cakes every seam and eludes every detergent. No laundry would accept our clothes if they could ever be removed from our menfolk before bed time.

There's no clothing allowance for farmers and no overall cleaning service "at the works." Anyway, no overall would survive months of rain combined with milk, grease, dung, tractor oil and mud. Sailcloth that stands up by itself, made for rugged yachtsmen, does last about as long as a good pair of gum boots. The other alternative is to regard all clothing as expendable, to be replenished by more cheap clothing, from the jumble sale if necessary. There's nothing like woollens for an affinity with hay. If it seems odd to be haymaking in chunky knits, it's from October to April that we live in wool and those are the months we feed endless bales of hay to stock, and what the stock don't eat ends up in the bathroom where we undress. I welcome drainpipe trousers because turn-ups harboured hayseeds that often germinated around the ankles. Hedging is another sartorial hazard, not so much because of immediate dirt but because sooner or later a stake or a branch, if not barbed wire, will make a rent that relegates a serviceable garment right into the "crutching" category.

Of course there's mud—on boots and tyres and vegetables. There's blood too, and fur and feathers, at the back door and in the scullery. Milk pails, pig swill, worm drench, cracked eggs, orphaned lambs and their bottles, they all come in. The only way to stay clean in the country is to go there on holiday, not live there. — E. M. KELLOCK



## CRITICISM

### AT THE PLAY

*Mourning Becomes Electra* (OLD Vic)  
*The Keep* (ROYAL COURT)

ÆSCHYLUS and Eugene O'Neill sort together like an uneven couple in a three-legged race, each straining his own way, and only by virtue of the strength of their bonds reaching the tape in triumph. O'Neill's version is set in New England at the end of the American civil war, his Agamemnon a Yankee general, Ezra Mannon. Ezra's wife Christine and her lover Adam Brant poison him to facilitate their elopement, and are hunted down by his daughter Lavinia and her brother Orin, who at her instigation shoots him down in the cabin of his ship. When Christine is confronted by her son with his knowledge of her guilt, she kills herself with her husband's pistol. In the last act the effect of all this on the two children is brought to horrifying fruition.

O'Neill seems to me to be hamstrung by too close dependence on his original. Such a straight flush of neuroses as he gives us cannot sit with complete conviction on a family in whom one is asked to believe as human beings and not as the puppets of the fates. O'Neill seems to have been aware of this; hence his faint references to the Greek names in his American ones, and his insistence, although he had no gift for poetry and knew it, on diluting his American tragedy with ornamental passages designed to remind us that we are also watching a Greek tragedy.

Having said this, let me add that, for all its faults, *Mourning Becomes Electra* is a deeply moving play, and no one who cares for the theatre can afford to miss this rare production. Not, alas, that it is an especially good production; Val May has set it to a funeral pace throughout, and both Sonia Dresdel as Christine and Stephen Moore as Orin employ a sing-song delivery that seems to be coming into fashion on the London stage but is not at all to my taste. In Miss Dresdel's case it may be forgiven, for her highly-charged performance has enough merit to allow her to speak as she chooses; but Mr. Moore—such a personable Orin—must really take himself in hand. Sometimes he seems to be performing a *recitativo secco*, with the pitch of each syllable noted down for

him on a stave of music. Barbara Jefford, as Lavinia/Electra, grows steadily in stature throughout the evening, a finely-conceived and finely-spoken performance. No one makes more than a ritual obeisance toward the accent of New England. Leslie Hurry's designs are entirely suitable, but it is a pity that so much of the action takes place in semi-darkness. Doom can speak for itself.

The quality of Gwyn Thomas's writing, jewelled in every bearing with fantastic imagery, is, or ought to be, familiar to all regular readers of these pages; and it takes to the stage like a duck to water.

*The Keep* concerns the Morton family, whose fortunes rise and fall as formally as a sine curve. The four brothers who have been reduced to the condition of domestic zombies by their ambitious fifth brother, Con ("a municipal Peter the Great"), reach their breaking-point

and decide to leave the cosy "front room" in which they are imprisoned by their brother's officiousness and the spell cast by the memory of their dead mother, and strike out for themselves—Russell the schoolmaster in London, Wallace the doctor in Pretoria, Alvin the tinplate worker in Birmingham, and little Ossy, the railway clerk and reluctant conductor of the male-voice choir, in Swindon. But Con, wielding his influence like a sledge-hammer, secures them all the promise of such advancement in their own Welsh town of Belmont (a location which connoisseurs of Gwyn Thomas's stories will know already, but which is prettily realised in Ken Calder's superb set) that their escape routes are blocked; and though a rather contrived dénouement brings Con's schemes crashing about his ears, they are all back to zombie-dom by the last curtain.

This vestigial plot, however, is merely



GLYN OWEN as Con, DUDLEY JONES as Alvin, DENYS GRAHAM as Ossy, and MERVYN JOHNS as Ben Morton in *The Keep*

the shelf on which Mr. Thomas displays his coruscating gift for conversation, rich with metaphor and allusion, and this keeps us laughing happily throughout the evening. It is presented with authentic relish by an all-Welsh cast headed by Mervyn Johns, whose performance as Ben, the father of this difficult brood, could hardly be bettered. Glyn Owen is the bureaucratic Con, the only son allowed to show more than one side of his character except young Ossy (Denys Graham), who is momentarily transformed by the promise of an appearance on television into a ghastly semblance of a provincial Van Johnson. The only female part, the Mortons' housekeeping sister, is played by Jessie Owens, who convinced me that she would end up as a Labour MP. The brisk production is by John Dexter.

Another play opens at the Royal Court on December 21st. For an unusual but infallible evening of laughter, I commend everyone to see *The Keep* while it lasts.

— B. A. YOUNG

#### AT THE PICTURES

##### *Town Without Pity* *King of Kings*

I REFUSE to be distracted by the much-publicised *King of Kings* from the film that seems to me the most gripping and interesting of the five press-shown in the week under review: *Town Without Pity* (Director: Gottfried Reinhardt). This is by no means a pretty story, and the film has faults; the fact remains that for various reasons it held my attention in a way not approached by any of the others. Moreover it says

something positive and worth saying, and makes its points intelligently, assuming a grown-up audience. For once, here is a film the design of which does not depend on some simple, obvious readjustment of human relationships—one person or group of persons beating another, or winning another, or losing another. You might almost say that this is founded on an idea, and that the title implies it.

I realise with resignation that as soon as I mention any details of the theme a number of readers will instantly close their minds to any argument, refusing to believe that they could possibly enjoy such a film. And indeed, the idea of *enjoying* or *being entertained* by a story most of which is about the court-martial of four American soldiers for rape seems on the face of it not merely absurd but almost vicious—for there is no question about the facts, the men are not innocent. Yet it is enjoyable to have one's interest in character aroused, one's intellect stimulated. This story, "sordid" or not, makes a civilised and humane point, and no good-hearted person can feel uneasy or ashamed at having found it quite absorbing. Is that bad?

The "town without pity" is the small German town of Neustadt, where the four soldiers are on trial for the rape of a local girl. Major Garrett (Kirk Douglas) has come to defend them; his chief aim is to uncover any mitigating circumstances that will save them from death, the US Army's extreme penalty for such a crime, and because we have had a glimpse of what happened, including one or two things about which later there is a conflict of evidence, our feelings are mixed. It is a merit of this

#### PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"*Punch* in the Theatre" will be at the Little Theatre, Bristol for a month.

"Covering *Punch*," with 80 artists' originals of *Punch* covers mounted and framed, will be at Battersea Central Library for a month.

piece that it will make even usually unthinking supporters of judicial execution take a close look at their motives.

Garrett is a tough nut, but basically humane, and when his investigations suggest that making her admit the truth will shame the girl he tries, first to get the CO to veto the death penalty, then to get her father to refuse to let her give evidence, which would have the same effect. Unsuccessful, he has no legal alternative but to cross-examine her. As a result the men are saved, and get prison sentences; but the girl kills herself. Garrett, who has simply done his job, is miserable and an object of loathing . . . because of the "town without pity," its prurience and its craving for revenge.

"And that's *entertainment*?" some of you will say. Yes, I insist, it is. Because it is utterly absorbing; because it is full of character and fresh, well-observed detail; because it has an intelligent, perceptive script (Silvia Reinhardt and Georg Hurdalek, from Manfred Gregor's novel of the same name; because it is well acted and directed; and because it says, imaginatively, perceptively and with compassion, something worth saying.

And so to *King of Kings* (Director: Nicholas Ray), which crashes on to this page like a bulldozer by sheer weight of size, cost, publicity. This is one of the very rare occasions when I review a film not because I have found anything in it to enjoy, but simply because people will expect to see something about it. You may remember that I have before admitted a temperamental lack of interest in "epics," and this is just as much of an "epic" as, for instance, *Ben-Hur*, though devout Christians may convince themselves that its subject automatically makes it a noble experience. For me, with my blind spot, it is merely a well-done example of a kind of film I would never choose to see.

That being said—it is, of its kind, undeniably well done. The subtitle is "A story of the Christ," not "*The story* . . ."—and there has already been argument about its individual reading, which gives Barabbas an unexpectedly prominent role as leader of a revolt against the Romans and explains Judas's betrayal as a deliberate, misguided effort to force Jesus into calling for a miracle to defeat them. And this may be defensible from the point of view of a script-writer



KIRK DOUGLAS as Major Steve Garrett in *Town Without Pity*



(Philip Yordan) wishing to make a story on more or less conventional lines out of an original unconcerned with the sort of dramatic effect that the twentieth century appreciates.

I find the film hard to criticise because, frankly, it leaves me cold. I recognise the excellence of some of the spectacular action scenes (the scene of the revolt here is in its way the equivalent of the chariot-race in *Ben-Hur*); the direction of great crowds and moving groups is impressively skilful; there are some beautiful visual effects. The main trouble—apart from the expected superfluity of background music and off-screen celestial choirs—is lack of character. It is human character that makes a story interesting; the characters here, notably the most important one of all, have been carefully contrived to give no offence—not even to coincide with popular ideas, but simply to avoid conflicting with them. Relying on popular reverence to supply deficiencies is not good enough—except for the box-office.

— RICHARD MALLETT

## AT THE OPERA

*The Silent Woman* (ROYAL OPERA HOUSE)

MARTIN BATTERSBY'S was a pretty enough interior set, though perhaps a bit too learned-society for so salt-caked a simpleton as Sir John Morosus, admiral ret. Skeletons of freak fishes hung from the ceiling. Latin-looking folios were piled on chairs. Over by the window sat a five-foot-high terrestrial globe in a vast gilded claw. I remember also a classical bust in marble, or what seemed to be marble until the rough-house in Act II, when it fell—and bounced.

Was it likely, I asked myself, that an elderly though hale bachelor surrounded by intellect-symbols of this kind would let a parcel of strolling players kid him into believing on successive occasions that they were divines, lawyers, judges and a fo'c'sle mob? Or lead him into one of those blatant marriage traps (shy, shrinking little thing at the altar; implacable shrew the minute she got her hands on his money) which happen only in comic opera?

That *The Silent Woman* is implausible I do not complain. Implausibility if brazen enough can be a good thing on the lyric stage. In this retailoring by Stefan Zweig of Ben Jonson's comedy *Epicoene*, with music by Richard Strauss, implausibility coughs deferentially, knocks timorously on the door, twists its cap in its hands and apologises for troubling us. From what we could hear of it (in my case perhaps one word in ten), Arthur Jacobs's translation from Zweig's German is ready and nimble; but, even more than in the case of the verbose *Rosenkavalier*, this piece is so stuffed, pressed down and flowing over

with words that it seems for ever to be at bursting point. Every scene has its stretches of what I can only call jabber-tative. Nobody could hope to make music of these in a million years. Nor did Strauss try to do so. He just fitted innumerable notes to innumerable syllables and left us to scowl and bite our nails resentfully in the twilight of the stalls.

With this problem and with the night's countervailing (I do not say compensating) melodic patches, the resident company coped intelligently and at times intelligibly. The best singing, jabbering and (in the third case) acting came from the three leading men—David Ward (Morosus), Kenneth Macdonald (his nephew) and Joseph Ward, the old man's barber, an indispensable rôle since, unless there's a barber on the stage most of the time, nothing ever happens in *buffa*. Irrevocable Straussians got themselves into swoons over the orchestral playing, which Rudolf Kempe, the conductor, coaxed and controlled with mastery. There is one enchanting page which I want to hear again: the one where mention of Morosus's riches makes the orchestra break up into prismatic glints and jinglings. For the rest I do not greatly care for being drowned in the day before yesterday's treacle. By 1935 Strauss had quite run out of corrective stings and visions.

— CHARLES REID

## ON THE AIR

### Points of View

WHEN people disapprove of a TV programme they can register their disapproval in a variety of ways: they can switch off or over, they can get rid of their receivers; they can ring up the offending channel and give the man in the duty room a jolly good talking to; they can write to the newspapers about it (most papers with commercial TV ancillaries will listen to complaints about the BBC, and the *Express*, without them, is always ready to knife ITV); they can write to *Radio Times* or *TV Times* and hope for an appearance in "Points from the Post" or "Viewerpoint"; or they can write to Uncle Robert Robinson.

Switching off is not comparable in effectiveness with similar demonstrations in retail commerce. It hurts only the electricity board: as criticism your gesture is futile, for the programme people at TV headquarters are unaware of it. I know, of course, that there are clever monitoring devices and rating research experts who claim to be able to see what you are up to behind your curtains, but their methods are based on the assumption that you are an average viewer, and no viewer exists who would admit to being average.

If you write to the TV mags. you will have little chance of airing your views



unless they are utterly idiotic, or unless they happen to conflict perfectly with other views on the same programme:

"Watching *The Rag Trade* the other night was one of the most memorable experiences of my life. It is so true to life I could cry. And I should know: before I married I toiled for eight long years in a well-known London sweatshop. Keep up the good work. Ella Chimpson (Mrs.), Putney."

"Please put a stop immediately to the rubbish called *The Rag Trade*! It makes me sick. Anyone with the slightest experience of this business knows how unfair, distorted and sloppy this programme is. All my friends agree with me. Ada Levinstein (Leeds)."

"How wonderful to see Lady Barnett back with Eamonn in our friend-of-the-family *What's My Line?* To invite such cultured persons into our house each week is indeed a pleasure and a privilege. S. Thing (Swansea)."

"*What's My Line?* died years ago, and the corpse is still paraded weekly. Why? Those giggling, simpering panelists and that smug Irish chairman make me see red. In the name of Heaven, go, I say. Chas. Borring (Burslem)."

So why write at all?

A better bet, by far, is to write to Robert Robinson, who compères a brief weekly look at the post called *Points of View*. If you are lucky your letter will be read aloud by a member of the BBC Rep., and will have a slug of film for accompaniment. But better still (if you can take it) your message will have acid comment poured upon it from an intellectual height. And if enough people write (and can still take it) we may get the BBC to stretch the programme from five minutes to the ten it deserves. Any old subject will do—Fyfe Robertson's beard, Kenneth Allsop's hair-do, Peter Scott's slimming routine, David Jacobs's glutinous smile, Joan Regan's gowns, Barry Bucknell's braces, Sid James's hooter, even Dimpleby's dimples. Anything, you see, provided that it is concerned with true television.

The one thing I don't advise—if you still intend to kick the TV habit—is that you should throw your set away. It's that kind of thing that could put paid magazine critics out of business.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## Booking Office



### AMONG THE PRIMITIVES

By JEREMY KINGSTON

**The Forest People.** Colin M. Turnbull.  
*Chatto and Windus, 25/-*

**Spirit of Mexico.** Beryl Miles. *John Murray, 21/-*

**Samoan Interlude.** Marie Tisdale Martin.  
*Peter Davies, 18/-*

**P**YGMIES, Samoans and Mexican Indians are peoples one seems to have vaguely known about ever since one first turned the pages of a *Children's Encyclopaedia*. Mixed in with childhood memories of Australian bushmen and Red Indians are little people padding through Congo rain-forests, Samoans wreathed with flowers on palm-fringed coral islands and dusty villages at the feet of Aztec pyramids where live the descendants of a culture full of Qs, Xs and "unspeakable rituals." Often one seems to have added few facts to one's knowledge of primitive peoples since one threw those early books away.

Of the books one can read to correct this ignorance, these three represent very different kinds: Mr. Turnbull is a young anthropologist who lived in a pygmy hunting-camp for over three years; Miss Miles is a professional travel-book-writer; and Mrs. Martin is a Canadian doctor's wife who found herself for a couple of years in Pago Pago and wrote her book while convalescing from an operation.

Colin M. Turnbull's book I found fascinating. Pygmies live in the Ituri Forests of the Congo, around the edges of which are villages of negroes, and Mr. Turnbull seems to have been the first white man to have lived with the pygmies in their camps. Apparently, the idea that these people are devoid of any culture of their own has come about because anthropologists have tended to live in the negro villages and study the pygmies only as they come in from the forests to trade and steal. And the pygmies cleverly behave in the villages as the villagers would like them to behave. They submit to their attempts at overlordship, their frightful circumcision taboos and burial super-

stitions, in order to continue to trade with them. "If we did not let the villagers think that they arrange our marriages, then how could we expect them to give us such fine feasts . . . ?" In the pygmies' lives "there is little hardship so they have no need for belief in evil spirits. For them it is a good world."

Mr. Turnbull, too, saw it as a good world. He has constructed his book about them with great skill and writes a very clear and evocative prose. Once or twice I felt that his criticisms of the village way of life were being affected too much by his sympathy for camp life, but the pygmies evidently took to him because he had so taken to the forest. I found the passages about the songs they sing to it hauntingly beautiful—"songs of praise to wake up the forest and rejoice it, to make it happy again." A book well worth reading.

The other two books don't attempt, of course, to compare with Mr. Turnbull's. Beryl Miles's *Spirit of Mexico* is chatty, excited, suitably filled with awe for ancient cities and I began by disliking her. But as she journeys south

to the borders of Guatemala I found myself warming to her. Accompanied by her jar of instant tea, she is invited to a wedding among Mixtec Indians and tries to weave a *sombrero*; she is shown the puppet theatre by which the Zinacantan Indians are warned of the danger of malaria (puppets dressed as Happy Dog, Sick Dog, Doctor, Mosquito, and talking in their own dialects); and she endearingly takes second-class buses whenever she can. Back in Mexico City she begins to gush again but while she is exploring on her own she is fun.

Miss Miles spoke a little Spanish and did learn a few words of Mixtec: I think it is because Mrs. Martin does not appear to have learnt Samoan at all that I felt she was telling me only of the immediately apparent facts of Samoan life. She (and to a lesser extent Miss Miles in Mexico) looked around as Mr. Turnbull might have looked at the pygmies had he lived only in the surrounding negro villages. Mrs. Martin does go to Samoan feasts and writes about their rituals (which the Samoans enjoy inventing for the sake of visiting anthropologists) but although the book is filled with tit-bits of interest I didn't feel I got to know very much more about the Samoans.

### NEW NOVELS

**The Empty Canvas.** Alberto Moravia (trans. Angus Davidson). *Secker and Warburg, 18/-*

**Rape of Honour.** Willi Heinrich (trans. Sigrid Rock). *Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 16/-*

**Town Without Pity.** Manfred Gregor (trans. Robert Brain). *Heinemann, 16/-*

**Kilroy Was Here, and Other Stories.** Michael Lewis. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 16/-*

**I** AM beginning to find a strange core of truth in that old complaint that middlebrow readers used to make about the modern novel—that it was unduly concerned with sexuality, violence, madness and dirt. A writer must, of course, answer to, and reflect, his own times, do uncompromising justice to his own vision, reflect the growing anarchy of our moral and intellectual lives. It has, however, become one of the intellectual clichés of our age that reason has failed and moral anarchy prevails, and that our enquiries into the future must take us more and more into madness, irrationality, sensuality and the sound made by one hand clapping. The run-of-the-mill Victorian novel was concerned with the bad depiction of goodness; the average modern novel seems concerned with the bad depiction of sexuality. I sometimes wonder whether the commitment of modern art to anarchy isn't due to the Romantic



assumption that art has to be concerned with the unsocialised. Whatever the reason, the curious consequence of this bias in art is that sex and violence become as ordinary and in the end as boring as goodness must have become toward the end of Victoria's reign.

Alberto Moravia is, of course, one of our greater advocates of the senses; *The Empty Canvas* is an impressive book, yet its basic idea, it seems to me, is enough only for a long story, and in consequence its middle drags. Its hero is a painter in an existential state of boredom, unable to create and unable to acknowledge the independent reality of objects, or people, or the world in general. His art is abstract and unfulfilling and indeed when the book begins he is silenced. Then, casually, he begins an affair with a model who has been the mistress of another, more sensuous, painter. The story is concerned with the way in which this mistress takes on an independent existence and Dino, the artist, is reclaimed. The novel is beautifully handled, and all Moravia's powers of depicting the intricacies of sentimental relationships are displayed. But the theme invokes grand comparisons—with Camus's *The Outsider*, with Sartre's *Nausea*—and it is when one calls up this analogy that the lack of range and variousness in Moravia's sensual philosophy becomes apparent. As in many other of Moravia's novels, the tired attempts of the Italian upper bourgeoisie to find sensual and financial

possession of others is presented with a kind of dolorous contempt, but once again the tone, reminiscent of the treatment of this class in many modern Italian films, is that of the critical sensualist.

Willi Heinrich's *Rape of Honour* shows that when it comes to sexual romps the Germans can compete with the Italians any old day. The novel is described on the blurb as telling the story of "an honourable man in a grossly amoral society." I think this describes the nature of the endeavour, an attempt to portray the extinction of honour in a wealthy but morally defeated country, but so slick is the telling, so unremitting the sexual activity, so vestigial the hero's sense of honour that no genuine competition between hero and society ever emerges. The staccato method of storytelling—sharpened here by the fact that the translator has really put the book into American English—is not, by and large, a satisfactory agency for speaking of moral subtleties, and these are conspicuously lacking. This is not to deny that the story is told with undoubted power and that the perverted Irngard Widdau, whose chauffeur our hero becomes, doesn't come over in, as they say, the flesh.

*Town Without Pity* is the story of what happens in a small German town when four American soldiers rape a sixteen-year-old German girl. The situation has interesting social dimensions, but these are drawn out in a rather

contrived, crude way with all sorts of Symbolic Opposites at work. The characters are in fact used by the author in much the same way as he complains they are used by the two camps in the story.

Reading Michael Lewis's stories this week was rather like returning thankfully home after a rather seedy Continental holiday. Lewis, as we have seen from his novels, writes well, with a deft, amused social observation. His eye for the world of small men in big business, of the attempt to resist the temptations and the horrors of the bourgeois life, of the sensitive and educated young man trying to find a place in his time, is sharp and clever. Some of these stories are much better than others; one, *Primers for the Age of Plenty*, is a small tour de force. —MALCOLM BRADBURY

#### TENNIS AND LEOPARDS

**Growing.** Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press, 25/-

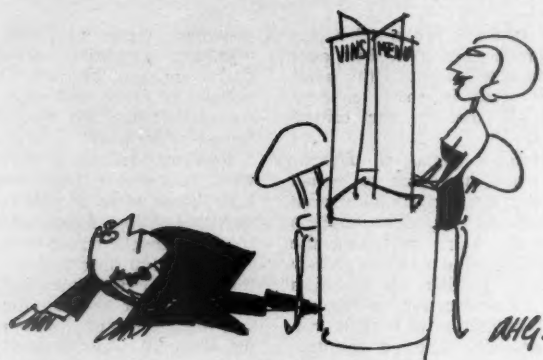
The second volume of Mr. Woolf's autobiography describes the years 1904-11, when he was a civil servant in Ceylon. I liked it better than its predecessor. The colour and variety of life in a Ceylonese district stimulates him to sharper writing than the merits of his Cambridge friends. He still keeps talking about how intelligent and industrious he was; but he is stronger on narrative than character-analysis and he tells stories about big game hunting

## Searle's-eye View

I—MISS ENID BLYTON  
as the imagination sees her,  
and as the camera does







and village disputes and eccentric English matrons straightforwardly and well.

This is Imperialism through the eyes of an alert young man who began by taking the attitude of the Colonial Service for granted and became disillusioned. The testimony is impressive because he had been a very efficient Imperialist; but it is also rather vague. One does not get a clear idea of what it was Mr. Woolf disliked, apart from the philistine immaturity of the other Englishmen. The book is confined closely to day-by-day experience and the activities described are not related to any general account of British rule, or exploitation.

— R. G. G. PRICE

#### VERRAY PARFIT GENTIL KNIGHT

*The English Gentleman.* Simon Raven. *Blond, 21/-*

Simon Raven can write as well as almost anyone living, and it is both our loss and his that he squanders his ability on those tiresome novels. In this new long essay, however, he has found a subject exactly suited to his talent. The book is in three parts. In the first Mr. Raven defines the qualities that once went to the making of that legendary figure, the English gentleman. In the second he inquires why it is that these qualities have become so irrelevant in the modern world; and in the third he adds his illustrations from life, some of which, it must be admitted, are of tangential relevance only.

Mr. Raven's way of examining the rocks upon which our society is, or was, founded is—characteristically—to pick them up and describe with relish what he finds wriggling underneath. His conclusions are very stimulating, and one would add important if it were not for the feeling that he writes with his tongue edging constantly towards his cheek.

— B. A. YOUNG

#### A DIVERSITY OF CREATURES

*Gifts of Passage.* Santha Rama Rau. *Gollancz, 21/-*

The eyes of Santha Rama Rau have been privileged to study in many lands the behaviour of diverse peoples in the epoch of global changes. Her insight into the character of individuals, whether of her own family when she was a child or

of men and women, irrespective of race, colour, creed or condition as she grew up, married and went upon her travels, has made her one of the very small number of thoroughly civilised human beings. The style in which she communicates her understanding of what she has seen is direct and instantly convincing, as in her description of the short, dramatic flight between Tashkent and Kabul over the Hindu Kush: "Below you is a harsh and bony map of precipitous valleys and rocky ravines—a landscape utterly without comfort, and on too immense a scale to be anything but daunting." But she is not daunted by the immense scale of humanity's struggles to understand its own problems in a world in which there are chasms between tribe and tribe, let alone between nation and nation, class and class, ideology and ideology.

This, the first part, one hopes, of her autobiography, reveals a gay, delightful, sensitive wholly feminine woman, a pattern of a world civilisation the next century—who knows?—may see.

— R. C. SCRIVEN

#### THE MUSCOVITE MESSALINA

*Catherine The Great.* Ian Grey. *Hodder and Stoughton, 25/-*

By birth Catherine II of Russia was an obscure German princess. It is almost certain that her husband, Peter

III, was impotent and her son, Paul I, a bastard by Sergei Saltykov, the first of her many lovers. (Consequently the Romanov descent of the Russian Imperial family ended over one hundred and sixty years before the assassination of the last Czar.) Mr. Grey, in this earnest study, describes how, with iron nerve and no shadow of dynastic right, Catherine deposed her husband. His violent death was not, Mr. Grey thinks, at his wife's orders, but the savage slaughter of Czar Ivan IV, who, although hopefully kept from the light of day for the twenty years of his life, refused either to go mad or die, must be laid to her account. These obstacles removed, Catherine ruled for thirty-four years, increasing Russia's frontiers at the expense of Poland and Turkey. Meanwhile she corresponded with the French philosophers, bought superb pictures and made St. Petersburg a triumph of architectural magnificence. As against this she plundered Russia's revenues to reward her lovers, who, after the brilliant Potemkin had retired, were mostly male concubines, pensioned off at the rate of one a year. Relying on the support of the nobility she increased their privileges, at the same time depriving the serfs of their few rights, and thus her façade of enlightened despotism eventually collapsed.

— VIOLET POWELL

#### LEOPOLD'S MISTRESS

*A Prisoner in Regent's Park.* D. A. Ponsonby. *Chapman and Hall, 21/-*

In 1885 there appeared the English translation of the *Memoirs* of Caroline Bauer. It was verbose and largely unreadable, but it shed a tiny sidelight on English history; for, some half a century earlier, its sentimental, self-pitying author (she was a German actress) had been the mistress of Leopold of Coburg. Caroline was remarkably like Leopold's first wife, Princess Charlotte; and this physical resemblance had so overwhelmed him that in 1828 he had asked her to England, imprisoned her



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

in a stuccoed Gothic love-nest in Regent's Park, and finally gone through the form of morganatic marriage. Then infatuation faded and ambition called; Leopold had his eyes on the throne of Greece and marriage with a daughter of Louis-Philippe, and Caroline departed in such a fury that she burned with it to her dying day. This ridiculous liaison is the *raison d'être* of Miss Ponsonby's book. She is inaccurate in her comments on Princess Charlotte; she has nothing to add to Caroline's *Memoirs*, and she does not, for a fleeting moment, write well.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

## WITHOUT HUMAN AGENCY

**When the Earth Shook.** David Niddrie. Hollis and Carter, 25/-

This is no seismological text-book but a graphic account of a number of notorious earthquakes and their burden of human tragedy. By courtesy are included the very modest affairs that shocked London into a state of penitential alarm in February and March, 1750, but principal attention is focused on the terrible tremors that worked destruction at Port Royal, San Francisco, Messina, Yokohama, Baldivia and Agadir, and that changed the pattern of Alaskan landscape at Yakutat Bay as well

as on the devouring floods, "tsunami" or so-called tidal waves that came with them. Quetta is never mentioned.

Mr. Niddrie's method of narration with its insistence on spiritual reactions tends to some degree of repetition, while his progression by way of much quotation from uninspired exclamatory contemporary journals is sometimes disconcerting. One is left fully alive to the horrors that can be thrown at still weak humanity not least in our own atom-bomb epoch but with a feeling that from such a mass of exciting material only a rather pedestrian recital has been recovered.

— C. CONWAY PLUMBE

## Stocking-and-tree-type Books

### MORE CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Collections first. **The Fairy Tale Tree** (Paul Hamlyn, 25/-) is a fascinating treasure-house of fables and folk-tales; they are mostly short and earthy and more concerned with little old women's goats than with princesses' misty castles. The illustrations are marvellous, hot squares of colour with strange and convincing creatures on them. **Storyland** (Paul Hamlyn, 12/6) is forty-eight stories and jingles about brave little steam-engines and such. Pictures standard but profuse and colourful. Target about six-year-olds. And addicts will find the 240 pages of **The Big Enid Blyton Book** (Paul Hamlyn, 12/6) good value. It is aimed more at her ten-year-old than her toddling audience, but covers the whole range.

I'll take the single stories in ascending order of reader-age. **Listen, Listen!** (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6) is superior kitten-jug type photographs by Ylla, ingeniously linked by a story by Crosby Newell Bonsall in which a lively kitten tries to keep a sleepy one awake by telling her tales. **The General** (Routledge, 12/6) has the most glorious pictures by Michael Foreman to illustrate a story of power politics by Janet Charters which even my sample audience recognised as wishful thinking. **The My Book of . . . series** (Odams, 6/-) is augmented by **Pinocchio** and **Little Red Riding Hood**, illustrated with a lot of colour and a little vulgarity by Lupatelli. Astonishingly cheap for their size and splendour, though the story in **Pinocchio** has been abridged to the point of incomprehensibility.

Jumping the gulf to books for actual reading, I enjoyed **The Penny Pony** by Barbara Willard and **Smokey** by Donald Smeed (both Hamish Hamilton, 6/6). Cathy buys a ramshackle Victorian pram from a junk-shop because it has a lovely great pony in front of it which joggles up and down when you push it along. When she's at the seaside it gets accidentally sold to a museum. Desolation. But the money channels back to provide a real pony. A bit of a weepie, but fun. **Smokey** is about a boy who is mocked by his schoolfellows for preferring steam-engines to diesels but rescues a town from an exploding trainload of chemicals with the help of his grandfather and a Johnson 1-F Tank. **The Glass Ball**, by William Mayne (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6) is a prettily got-up account of how a small Greek boy finds a glass ball in the sea, takes it to the monastery at the top of the island and lets it roll down into the sea again. It goes the right way by an

ingenious not-quite-magic. More local colour than adventure.

I have always been baffled by books in the *Just William* tradition. Who are they written for? **Young Nicolas** by Sempé and Goscinny (Hutchinson, 12/6), **Various Specs** by Janet McNeill (Faber, 12/6) and **Just Like Jennings** by Anthony Buckeridge (Collins, 7/6) all conform to the standard, except that Nicolas is French and Specs has magical properties. **Jeremy Smith Shows the Way** by Donald Smeed (Hamish Hamilton, 8/6) might have been written a generation later. It is even more knockabout, but alive and up-to-date; not only a space-ship but the threat of a housing estate, for instance, help the plot along. And Plinton is not a boarding school.

Finally, **St. Jerome and the Lion** by Rumer Godden (Macmillan, 8/6), the fable retold in excellent, clear, uncondescending verse, with the odd footnote. (It's never too young to start.) — PETER DICKINSON

### AND MORE FUNNIES

**The Women of Punch.** Ed. Bernard Hollowood. Barker, 16/-. The cream of the *Punch* "For Women" pages over the past three years.

**Which Way Did He Go?** Ronald Searle. *Perpetua*, 30/-. One hundred and twenty pages of Searle drawings, including sketches from France, Germany and the USA.

**Quake, Quake, Quake.** Paul Dehn. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6. Familiar rhymes of nursery and schoolroom rewritten with ghastly but salutary ingenuity to suit the atomic age. Pictures by Edward Gorey.

**Ancestral Manners.** Acanthus. *The*



*Builder*, 12/6. An entertaining look at the stately-home industry, gaily illustrated.

**Signs of the Times.** Osbert Lancaster. Murray, 21/-. The history of the years 1939-1961 told in some five hundred Lancaster drawings from the *Daily Express*.

**Postcards.** George Molnar. *Angus and Robertson*, 16/-. Postcards "from a traveller who never consulted facts, asked for no information and invariably looked in the wrong direction" to his employer, the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

**The Vulgarians.** Osborn. Barker, 15/-. About nasty Americans by a nice one. Text ordinary, drawings quite uncommon.

**The Miscillian Manuscript.** Stanley Unwin, illus. Roy Dewar. Cassell, 18/-. Stanley Unwin's gift for gibberish (familiar to Light Programme listeners) applied to mock-sociology and suitably illustrated.

**R. Taylor's Wrong Bag.** Hamish Hamilton, 21/-. Nearly a hundred Taylor drawings from the *New Yorker*, funny to look at and as sophisticated as can be.

### SOME OPULENT PICTURE BOOKS

**Crete in Colour.** Hoegler and Reverdin. *Thames and Hudson*, 5 gns. 88 splendid colour reproductions of works of art from Minoan Crete, with a scholarly and readable text.

**Mesopotamia and the Middle East.** Leonard Woolley. *Methuen*, 45/-. A history of Middle Eastern art by a master-hand, lavishly illustrated, including sixty colour-plates.

**The World's Great Religions.** Collins, 30/-. A survey by the editorial staff of *Life* of the six major religions of the world. Luscious colour photographs on almost every page.

**Italian Gardens.** Georgina Masson. *Thames and Hudson*, 4 gns. A truly magnificent guide to great classical Italian gardens, with over 200 photographs.

**Charles Dickens—a pictorial biography.** J. B. Priestley. *Thames and Hudson*, 25/-. A brief, perceptive life of Dickens, with 132 pictures that bring the text an extra dimension of life.

**Topolski's Legal London.** Feliks Topolski and Francis Cowper. *Stevens*, 3½ gns. Sixteen characteristic Topolski drawings in colour of legal scenes and occasions, with commentary by the legal historian of Gray's Inn.



♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦  
FOR WOMEN  
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## A Party In Paris

ONE day it had to come. Unreturned hospitality leads to severe guilt symptoms. Eventually desire to entertain outweighs fear of doing it badly under unfamiliar circumstances. Flat far from complete, but if one called it a housewarming, the missing bits wouldn't matter so much. What's the French for housewarming? *Une crémaillère*, says a knowledgeable friend. And what exactly does that mean? Quick trot to consult Larousse, the worst disc-slipper in the heavyweight encyclopaedia field. Etymological curiosity turns into bewilderment. The word means an adjustable metal implement designed to suspend pots over an open fire. Can't risk that. It'll have to be an ordinary party. And that's bad enough.

Having sampled the elegant formality of French hospitality, I find all my self-confidence gone. No question of a jolly cheese-and-wine affair—wine is too *ordinaire* for words—neither dare I produce my usual batch of artistic sandwiches which are always a success in London. Those pretty mosaics of ham, chopped egg, open-work beetroot and lace-pattern lettuce leaves would look terribly provincial. What I need is an expert.

The catering firm near the Bois de Boulogne is an ordinary-looking *confiserie* with marble-topped counters and a waft of vanilla in the air. But there's an impressive Frenchwoman in country tweeds, complete with sporting gun in a leather case, ordering food and drink for seventy-five revellers. Feeling as small as a *petit four*, I explain my problem to a buoyant blonde. She vanishes, returns five minutes later with a typed estimate. The word RECEPTION makes me wince. Well, no, I stammer,

not a reception, just an ordinary party for twenty-five. When you receive guests, it's a reception, the blonde insists. Meekly I bow over the estimate. "Sand," stands for sandwich, "*pain surprise*" is a loaf filled with goodies, not an unexpected ache. Don't know what stuffed prunes are like but lack courage to ask. As for drinks—"Champagne and visky," the blonde says. Do I want a *maitre d'hôtel*? I ask her whether I should have one. She asks me whether I can open champagne bottles without effort. Hastily I book a *maitre d'hôtel* and flee.

Now for the invitations. Three weeks is the usual notice required. Friday is risky because Parisians go—or pretend to go—away for le week-end. Monday and Tuesday are socially dull, while Thursday is the schoolchildren's half day off which leaves their mothers exhausted. Wednesday it will be. The invitation cards are tricky. Lots of blanks to fill in, and the ends of the printed verbs must be adjusted according to singular or plural hosts and guests. The only familiar speck is dear old RSVP.

The day before the party a strike is announced. There will be neither gas nor electricity during the morning or afternoon, nobody quite knows when. Anxiety grows. Candles might enhance the atmosphere, but without electricity there will be no ice and without gas

we can't heat the *saucisses*. Even though it's a French strike, warm champagne and cold sausages will increase the dreadful reputation of the British cuisine. Feel like copying out the operative words of wee, sleekeit, cow'rin, etc. on a large sheet of paper and pinning it on the door. Instead I buy candles at twice the usual price (cf. the importance of elasticity in the retail trade).

On the day the crockery arrives first thing in the morning. Only twelve champagne glasses. Frantic telephone call to suppliers: what happens if all twenty-five guests demand champagne at the same time? Impossible, trills the blonde, that sort of thing never happens. Telephone works but there's no gas, no electricity, no Métro. Buses are full, people cross. I love Paris in the autumn.

By early afternoon everything is back to normal, with the threat of further power cuts. At three a vast chunk of emergency ice arrives in the arms of a wine-scented giant; also innumerable cardboard boxes. At five the *maitre d'hôtel* turns up. He is charming, courteous, tells me not to worry. Begins to arrange buffet and chop up iceberg. Feel childish joy at sight of first six champagne bottles cooling in a tin bath; try to forget how very commonplace this is by local standards. Food looks gorgeous. So glad I decided against making *art nouveau* sandwiches. Charlady rolls in, engages in lively conversation with *maitre d'hôtel*. They "Madame" and "Monsieur" each other frequently and swap extravagant compliments. Brief reflection on absence of accent barrier: both speak beautiful standard French, smooth enough to bedevil Professor Higgins.

The *maitre d'hôtel* holds forth about a reception for three thousand people he had recently organised with the help of another forty-four professionals, but he is amazed when I ask him to keep a jug of plain water handy. Surely le visky is always taken with Perrier—

## In Her Fashion

MAMA has snazzy little waterproof boots on,  
Mama has a chic little waterproof hat,  
Mama has a modish and matching little mackintosh—  
Mama looks hot and fat.

— PAMELA SINCLAIR



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Doesn't the mineral bottle bear the royal warrant of the late King? In the end he agrees, clearly convinced that the *Anglais* are mad to drink tap water in any shape or form.

Guests begin to arrive. Women most elegant in all shades of black; men mostly chalk-striped. The English guests drink champagne and smoke Gauloises, the French stick to whisky and English cigarettes. Yet understanding is imperfect, for when I try to explain the difference between haze, mist, fog and smog, they think I am

joking and laugh uproariously. As I slip out to the kitchen, the charlady instructs me to remove my beads which spoil my neckline. Nothing like expert advice in the home.

Now that it's all over I feel sophisticated if a trifle weary. Two jugs of fruit juice, forced on me by the caterers for guests-on-diet, still languish in the refrigerator. There's also a vanload of *fruits glacés*, equally untouched. Must find out what exactly a strict diet means in Paris.

— BEATA BISHOP

## A. B. — Was it You?

OTHER women rely on their beauty or their statistics, me, I just drop a few limpid words into the pool of conversation; "Actually I come from Stoke-on-Trent," I say, and every eye in the room is turned on me in fascinated horror.

Why is it that the mere mention of S-O-T brings the denizens of the Southern Counties out in goose-pimples? What special line in horror do those innocent five towns represent to those who live on the right side of the Culture Barrier?

In the beginning I used to feel resentment and the urge to answer their "You don't!"s and "You can't!"s with "I do so too—and look! only one head!" but it would have taken a stronger character than mine not to have been corrupted by the implicit suggestion that I was too rare, too delicate a flower to have been nurtured in those harsh regions. From being resentful I became furtive.

For a time it would have taken the combined effect of the toe-crusher and the water-drip to have forced from between my clenched teeth the secret of my county of origin. The purity of my vowels became almost holy, and sly references to my distinguished brother, the Rear-Admiral, crept unsolicited into conversation, together with a light stress on the family connection with Mary Webb—this last so circuitous as to make Chesterton's Beachy Head—Birmingham route look like Euclid's straight line. At this point north country sanity asserted itself. "Was I not," I asked myself, "ME?" I

answered myself. I said that I was.

At this remove it is difficult to understand why this momentous discovery saved me. To-day, if I were to wake and find myself young, lumpy, the size of my bust only rivalled by the size of my complexes, I should be hell-bent for the nearest river; but from such unlikely seed the first frail shoots of self-respect were born.

As one gets older the scientific, impersonal approach substitutes itself for the emotional, personal one, and to-day I take the greatest interest in the rounded eye and the sharp intake of breath that greet my placid announcement that my formative years were spent among the kilns and saggars of

what the South seems to regard as Indian Country. But I still cannot explain the phenomenon.

I have toyed with the idea of attempting to record the comparative degrees of dismay registered by a fellow dinner-guest on being told that I was (a) a small-pox suspect, (b) a retired madam from a Marseilles bordel, and (c) a female native of Stoke-on-Trent. Here I feel is a fruitful field for research and I hope somebody will undertake it rapidly and define the origin, depth and scope of the complex so that it may take its place proudly by the side of our old pal, Oedipus.

Could it be due to early mass traumatic experience, such as over-exposure to "Grimm's Goblins" produced in me? Did it originate in some old wives' tale? OLD WIVES' TALE! It couldn't be, could it, our Arnold who is responsible for this chimera? Arnold, with his lyrical description of a Potteries tram-car and the devoted detail of his description of his native hearth, at which he was careful not to spend more than the minimal length of time?

Oh, they will find the Yeti before they find the answer to this one, and speaking from behind the secure palisade of maturity, I'm not bothered. If they explain this away, what will be the use of the aforementioned limpid words that I drop, etc.? I should have to fall back on my beauty and my statistics, and then where the devil should I be?

— BRENDA LITTLE



"For the last time: I will not have anything energy producing on a Sunday."

## FIRST APPEARANCE

### REWRITING THE ROSE

THESE words are addressed to the poets manqués in advertising offices who think up the names under which cosmetic firms disguise the basic colours of their products. To those of us for whom maquillage is no longer a frivolity but a necessity any one of their Ten Vibrant Shades can be as embarrassing to buy as to wear.

The trouble is that art never stands still. Having settled, after expensive trial and error, for Furbelows' "Sunset Glow," one finds, on trying to buy replacements, that one might be asking for something last used on the walls of the Altamira caves. Furbelows haven't made "Sunset Glow" for years, one is told. The new shades are—and a sample card is produced which riots through the spectrum from "Smouldering Flame" to "Abandoned Violet." Under the salesgirl's scornful eye one hesitates to explain that one is not seeking to look vibrant but only for something to subdue a shiny nose. Finally, made desperate by the queue,

one walks out with "Pinkest of Pinks."

But take that grin off your face, my copywriting genius. Already the range of Men's Toiletries—your phrase, not mine—is extending fast. Your present meagre choice of "Husky," "Portsmouth Point" or "Boardroom" will blossom into a bewildering assortment. I look forward to the day when, planning the conquest of a blonde with the tried and proved "Henley Summer," you can find nothing in the shop more suitable than "Cosh Boy" or "Cuban Riot."

— J. W. CULLEN

### TOO BIG A DEMAND

ON a remote Western Isle of Scotland, dependent for supplies on the uncertain daily boat, is a small general shop presided over by Morag, a woman of uncertain age and temperament, no respecter of persons. When, after long gazing out to the Blue Sound and up to the bristles on Sandy the shepherd's neck, it is your turn to be served, beware how you announce your order, for Morag resents having to carry more than one item in her head at once, and if you say "a quarter of tea and a pound of sugar while you're at it" she impassively fetches the tea and leaves the sugar for another trip, saying tersely "What else will you be wanting now?" My last item one day was for condensed milk. She didn't stock it. "Wouldn't it be a good idea to have it, Morag?" I suggested, "for campers and visitors, and when the milk's short in the winter?" Morag looked through me. "I'll not be stocking the stuff at all for there will be too many asking for it."

— E. M. MOFFATT



### IN ADDITION

WHAT? ER he has to tell  
On re o transmission,  
If the speak means "as well,"  
He will s: "in addition."

Scan your y paper through  
And noti he position,  
That when yone means "too,"  
He will v e "in addition."

When they l you what betides,  
On night elevision,  
No-one eve says "besides,"  
But alwa "in addition."

Why must phrase appal so  
With dre repetition?  
Can't we h "more" or "also"  
Instead c "in addition?"

In future v ill express  
Our view counteraction—  
We will sub tute for "less"  
A new ph ise—"in subtraction."  
— A. W. PRYKE

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## BURNING QUESTION

It is sometimes quite a worry—

Keep it dark. *Keep it dark!*

Choosing what to drink with curry.

Keep it dark. *Keep it dark!*

When your palate is aflame

Guinness is the drink to name.

Some prefer when heat is on

A delicious Mackeson.

Either, or—they're both *très bon*—so

keep it dark!



## CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

(piano). Dec. 1, 7.30 pm, Jean-Paul Billaud (piano). Dec. 2, 3 pm, Greta Parkinson (piano); 7.30 pm, Rodolfo Caracciolo (piano). Dec. 3, 3 pm, Kenneth van Barthold (piano). Dec. 4, 7.30 pm, The Master Players Orchestra (Lugano). Dec. 5, 7.30 pm, Eldon Fox (cello), Clifton Helliwell (piano). **Royal Opera House, Covent Garden**—Nov. 29 and Dec. 4, 7 pm, *Aida* (Verdi). Nov. 30, 7.30 pm, *The Silent Woman* (Strauss). Dec. 1, 7.30 pm, *The Sleeping Beauty* (ballet). Dec. 2, 2 pm, *Ondine* (ballet); 7.30 pm, and Dec. 5 same time, *The Queen Of Spades* (Tchaikovsky). **Sadler's Wells Theatre**—Nov. 29 and Dec. 2, 7.30 pm, *Tosca* (Puccini). Dec. 1, 7.30 pm, *Il Trovatore* (Verdi). Dec. 5, *The Barber of Seville* (Rossini).

## GALLERIES

**Agnew**—Victorian Painting. **Alfred Brod**—Christmas drawings and sketches. **Arthur Jeffress**—Sphinxes by Martin Battersby. **Arts Council**—Larionov and Goncharov. **Gimpel Fils**—John Levee, until Dec. 2. **Grosvenor**—Kaplan lithographs. **Hanover**—Serge Rezvani. **Kaplan**—Anthony Harrison. **Lefevre**—Jean Commère. **Marlborough**—French landscapes. **Molton**—Robyn Denny. **McRoberts and Tunnard**—John Tunnard. **Reid**—Watercolour and pastels 19th, 20th C. **Royal Academy**—Sir Thomas Lawrence. **Tate**—Epstein Memorial. **Tooth**—Recent acquisitions 16th C. **Waddington**—Leon Zack. **Whitechapel**—Derek Hill.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**British Museum**, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Antiquities, works of art, printed books, manuscripts. Daily, 10 am to 5 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. **The Building Centre**, Store Street, W.C.1. Monday to Friday 9.30 am to 5 pm, Saturdays 9.30 am to 1 pm. **Central Criminal Court**, Old Bailey, E.C.4. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am and 2 pm, Saturdays 11 am. **The Design Centre**, Haymarket, S.W.1. Daily, except Sundays, 9.30 am to 5.30 pm, Wednesday and Thursday 9 am to 9 pm. **London Museum**, Kensington Gardens, W.8. History of London. Daily 10 am to 4 pm, Sundays 2 to 4 pm. **The London Planetarium**, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday, 11 am, 12.15, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 7 pm. Saturdays, 11 am, 12.15 pm, 1.45 pm, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm. Sundays, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm. **Madame Tussaud's**, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday 10 am to 6 pm, Saturdays and Sundays 10 am to 7 pm. **Natural History Museum**, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Natural sciences. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily 3 pm, lecture tours, except Sundays. **Parliament**, Strangers Gallery, House of Commons, Monday to Thursday 4.15 pm, Fridays 11.30 am; House of Lords, Tuesday and Wednesday 2.30 pm, Thursday 3 pm. **Royal Courts of Justice**, Strand, W.C.2. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am to 4.30 pm. **Royal Exchange**, E.C.3. Monday to Friday 10 am to 3 pm, Saturdays 10 am to 12 noon. **Royal Smithfield Show**, Earls Court. Dec. 4-8 only. **Science Museum**, Exhibition Road, S.W.7. National Museum of Science and Technology. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily public lectures, children's films, 11 am. Sundays excepted. **Stock Exchange**, 8 Throgmorton Street, E.C.2. Public gallery open Tuesday to Friday 10.30 am to 3 pm. **Tower of London**, E.C.3. Monday to Saturday 10 am to 4 pm. **Victoria & Albert Museum**, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Museum of Applied and Fine Arts, all countries, styles and periods. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 pm to 6 pm. **Zoological Gardens**, Regents Park, N.W.1. Daily, 10 am to 4 pm.

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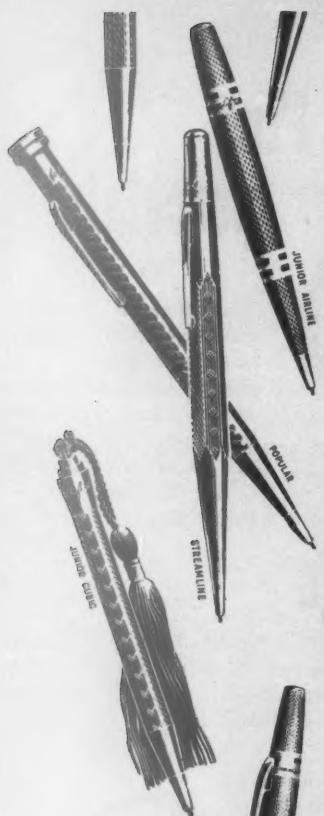


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TGA MP46/1

Punch, November 29 1961



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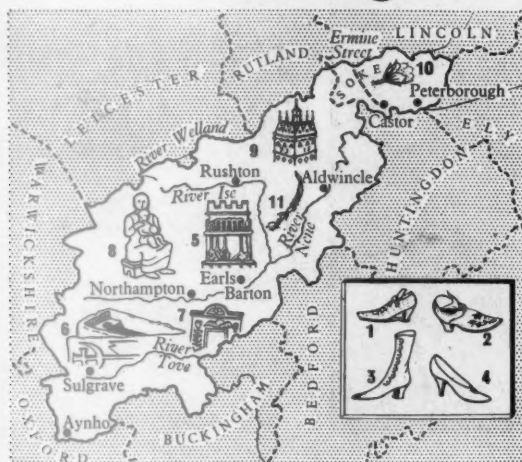
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Painted by S. R. Badminton

## Shell guide to NORTHAMPTONSHIRE



Much of it is rather a secretive midland, a nightingale and bullfinch county of small hill after hill, small valley after valley, field after field, with brown earth - which is a hint of that ironstone which is mined from just below the surface. For a long while man has busied himself in Northants with more than cows and crops. The Romans worked the ironstone. In Roman days potteries flourished at Castor just off that Roman road we call Ermine Street; and if Northampton's modern business of making shoes seems less romantic, have a look in the museum there, and see the strange assortment of footwear of all shapes, sizes and dates (17th-century (1), 18th-century (2), 19th-century (3), and modern (4)). A stony county, of stone buildings (including the fine Saxon tower (5) of Earls Barton Church), ancient stone coffins (6), finely carved cherubic gravestones (7), stone-tiled roofs, stone walls. Other things to be seen in Northants include Sulgrave Manor, ancestral home of the Washingtons and of George Washington's forebears, the noble and tender Madonna and Child (8) by Henry Moore in St Matthew's Church, Northampton, and the Triangular Lodge (9) at Rushton, a folly built by Sir Thomas Tresham in threes and multiples of three (and in 1593) to symbolize the Trinity. Flowers to search for include the surprising Pasque Flower (10) in the spring and Lady's Tresses orchid (11) in the autumn; two plants of the old quarry ground in the NE. of the county. A great Northamptonshire man to remember is the poet, John Dryden, master of purest and strongest English, born at Aldwinckle All Saints rectory in 1631. He may remind us also that our "standard English" descends from the East Midland speech of this county.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In USA from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, at \$2.00.

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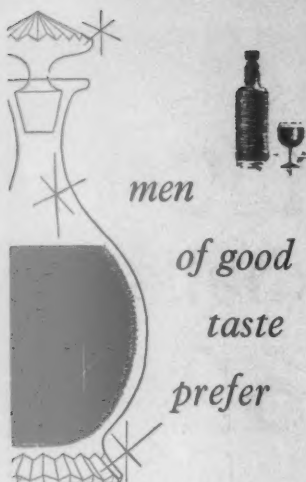
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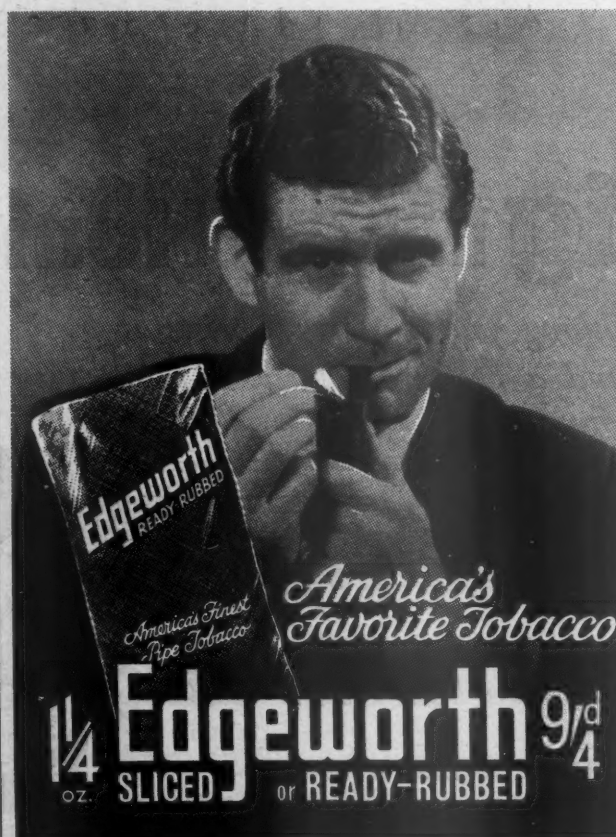
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